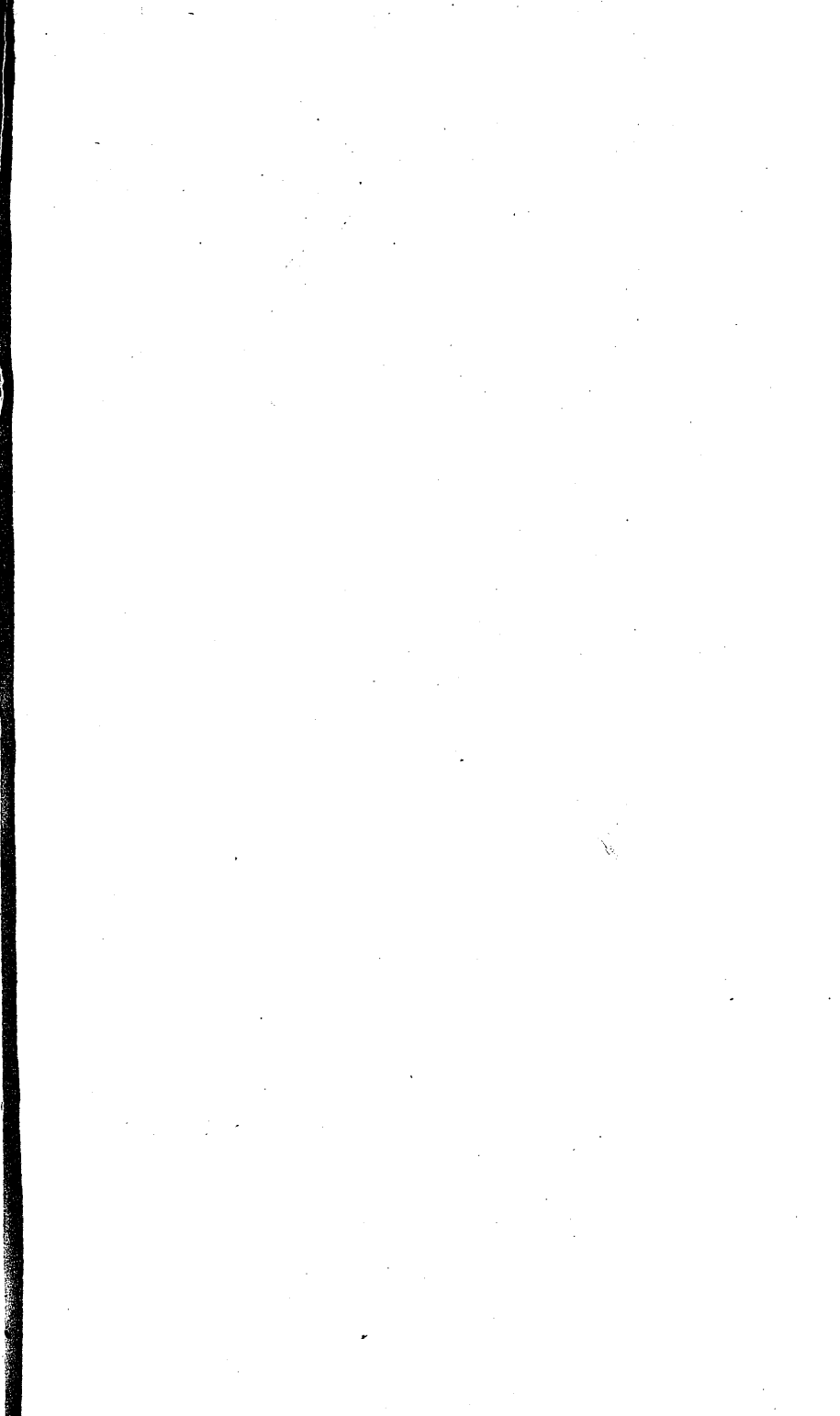
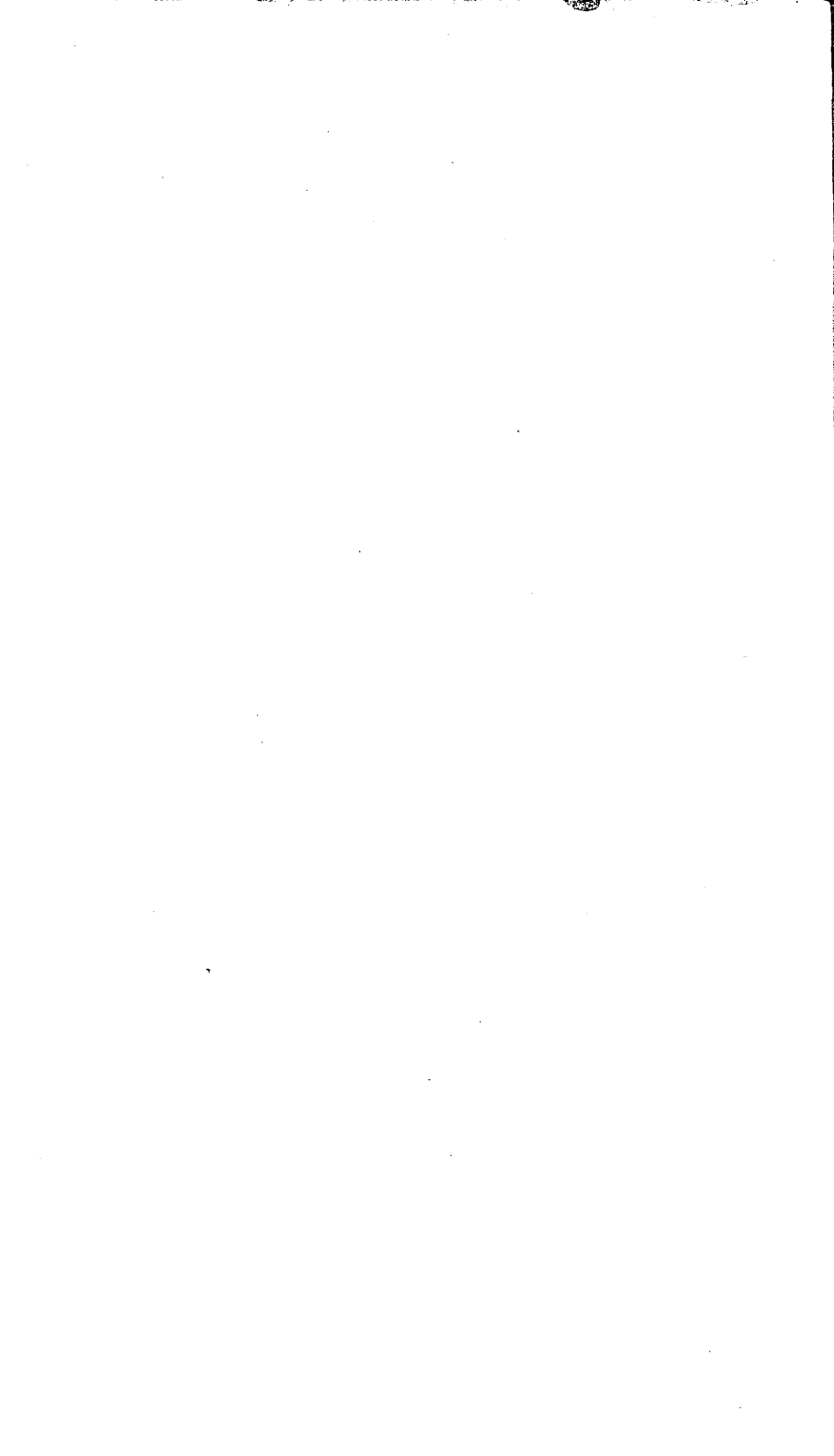


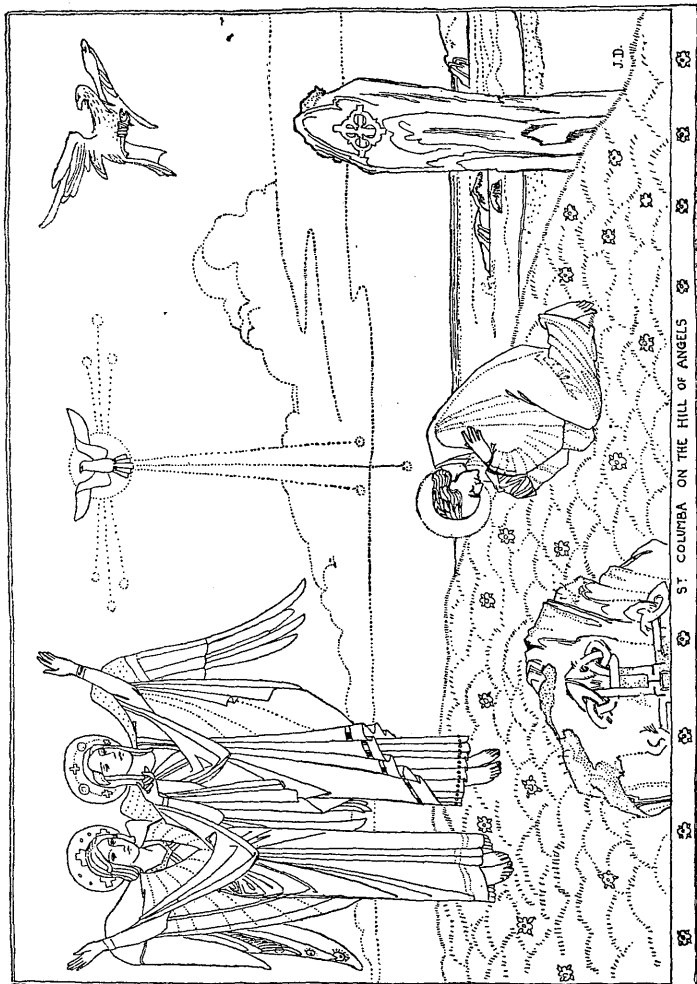
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ST COLUMBA



ST. COLUMBA ON THE HILL OF ANGELS

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ST COLUMBA

A STUDY OF SOCIAL INHERITANCE
AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

BY
VICTOR BRANFORD

PATRICK GEDDES AND COLLEAGUES
OUTLOOK TOWER, EDINBURGH, AND
2 MORE'S GARDEN, CHELSEA, S.W.

1913

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The Frontispiece—St Columba on the Hill of Angels,
is from a drawing by Mr John Duncan, A.R.S.A.

The drawing on Cover is from a sketch model for the statue of St Columba, by Mr Percy Portsmouth, A.R.S.A., Professor of Sculpture in the Edinburgh College of Art.

Around this model centres the Epilogue Scene of the Masque of Ancient Learning, which follows upon the commemoration of St Columba and his missions. This Epilogue anticipates the erection of the statue, and suggests a site—a literal 'St Columba's Place'—upon the Historic Mile of Old Edinburgh, which after long dilapidation and neglect, is again in process of conservation and renewal.

After Iona itself, no situation can be more appropriate than this one, midway between four Assemblies of kindred denominations, and central among so many other churches and centres of goodwill and fellowship not far away.

As a continued suggestion—not as an appreciable sacrifice—any proceeds to author and publishers from this volume will be devoted to the movement for the erection of this memorial. (The amount required is £800.)

PREFATORY NOTE

For the information of those who may be interested to pursue further the line taken in this essay, of re-interpreting old and familiar phenomena into the phrasing and form of current science, it may be mentioned that the writer has depended, (1) mainly upon what may be called the Comte-Le-Play-Geddes formulae, which resume the sociology of the past two generations; and (2) in less degree upon the Lange-James-Hall formulae, which, in more empirical fashion, have done a similar service for psychology. Vide Prof. Geddes' papers in 'Sociological Papers' Vols. I, II, III, published by the Sociological Society; President Stanley Hall's 'Adolescence' (Appleton); and William James' 'Varieties of Religious Experience.'

THE RUNE OF ST PATRICK

*At Tara to-day in this fateful hour
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness:*

*All these I place,
 By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.*

COLUMCILLE, LATER COLUMBA

	A.D.
Born in Donegal	521
Studied under St Finnian, &c.	
Religious Life at Clonard, &c.	
Built his first church at Daire (Derry)	546
Founded Durrow	553
Battle of Culdremhne	561
Excommunicated	562
Settled at Iona	563
Revisited Ireland; made terms for Bards	575
Died	597

COLUMCILLE FECIT

*Delightful would it be to me to be in Uchd Ailiun
On the pinnacle of a rock,*

*That I might bless the Lord
Who conserves all
Heaven with its countless bright orders,
Land, strand and flood;*

*That I might search the books all,
That would be good for my soul;
At times kneeling to beloved Heaven;
At times psalm singing;
At times contemplating the King of Heaven,
Holy the chief;
At times at work without compulsion,
This would be delightful.
At times plucking duilisc from the rocks;
At times at fishing;
At times giving food to the poor;
At times in a prayer-cell.
The best advice in the presence of God
To me has been vouchsafed.
The King whose servant I am will not let
Anything deceive me.*

ST COLUMBA

A STUDY OF SOCIAL INHERITANCE AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

I

To sociologize the saints will, to many pious souls, sound hardly less sacrilegious than to 'botanize upon a mother's grave.' But what if science has come not to destroy but to fulfil? It will be hard, no doubt, to make the aforesaid pious souls believe that any good intention towards the saints can come from that quarter, any more than from philosophy. In the seventeenth century, philosophy was sceptical of the saints; in the eighteenth century, it ridiculed them; in the nineteenth, using the apparatus of science to complete the desecration, it pronounced sanctity a form of hysteria. The Patroness of Hystericists is what Monsieur Janet calls St Teresa. What now of the twentieth century in its turn?

And, as to the attitude of science towards the saints, it certainly does not sound promising that anthropology should be so ostentatiously inclined to continue the discussion of religion as something arising out of the dreams of primitive man.

There is emerging, however, a new psychology which has a word of comfort for the pious, without being committed to any feud with the critical. The exponents of this new psychology would

probably accept the anthropologist's account of the origin of religion, with the addition of a couple of qualifying words. They would be prepared to maintain that religion comes mainly out of the day-dreams of that perennial primitive man called a Poet.

II

BUT who and what are the poets? The singing poets we know by their song, and we have even been taught to recognize the possible existence as 'mute inglorious Miltons' of singers whose song, in the ordinary sense, has never been achieved. What is not yet a part of our common knowledge, or a subject of our common school education, is the more obvious and important fact that there are Poets—Makers—by the million, whose works—whose poetry or making, does not come out of them in the form of song, in the usual sense, at all.

There are first and foremost the silent poets of the workshop and the home, who 'give to barrows, trays and pans, grace and glimmer of romance.' Then there are the poets of the pulpit and the cloister, of the rostrum and the chair, of the laboratory and the studio, of field and city, whose song, if we must have the word, goes into oratory and counsel, theorisation and discovery, adventure and service, into the 'making' of pictures and music, of buildings and gardens, and even of those supreme utilities of common life, Love and Worship. How may we discover and observe the operations of all these? For there, if anywhere, in the work of the singing and non-singing poets alike, is to be found the material in action which we wish to sociologize

—i.e., to observe and understand in the spirit of science. Here, according to our formula, is the stuff out of which religion renews itself, out of which sanctity emerges, and the saints—perhaps even the gods—are recreated afresh by and for each generation. And thus—as is the way of science—by observing similar things going on around us, we prepare ourselves to go back into the past and understand the divinities of former times, and it may be to foresee and to some extent determine the sanctities of the future. That this idea of reversing the doctrine of predestination is no new aspiration of modern science, let an earlier, and, as some think, a greater Christian Father than St Augustine, bear witness. It was Clement of Alexandria who said that ‘man predestines God, as much as God predestines man.’

For a description of the poets proper, we might do very well with O’Shaughnessy’s confession and claim, that ‘We are the dreamers of dreams.’ A still greater poet has declared that ‘Il existe en effet, chez les trois quarts des hommes, un poète, mort jeune, à qui l’homme survit.’ Is this a too generous estimate?—as most men would probably say, forgetting that they had ever been in love (if they ever were). Or, on the other hand, are we to believe the prophets of that new scientific gospel, the psychology of adolescence? These tell us that there is a time in each life, when to have and pursue poetic ideals is as normal as hunger and thirst are at all times; that, in short, there is in the life cycle of every normal human being, a period of flowering, when personality means poetry. With many this florescent period may be but a moment, and they promptly lapse, in the midst of

their teens, into premature senility. Sad is the best that may happen to these; outwardly blameless citizens, paying their rates with grudging but punctual regularity, during a life unnecessarily long.

With others, the dreams of adolescence are cherished and cultivated into deeds.

'When the dream is gone, the passion stamped remaineth.'

The resulting deeds are infinite in variety, and bewildering in complexity. Of the poets proper, how great the diversity! Most of them at best half poets—some indeed barely the sixteenth of a minor kind—but with here and there a Virgil or a Dante, a Milton or a Goethe, who sweeps the full circuit of life.

That most plastic of animals, the human adolescent, our potential poet, may be developed and cultivated to respond to any sort of ideal; or dwarfed and distorted to yield to any sort of temptation. Can it be shown that the saint is a developed variant of this poetic type? In these days when the writing of poetry is the surest way to unemployment, and when sanctity is taken as an indication of social inefficiency, if not of mental defect, a proposal to link the poet and the saint is to risk scornful repudiation by each. And yet, of our poet-saints, who alike wrote good poetry and lived saintly lives, there is a long line of examples beginning with (say) St Patrick and not ending with Keble. But what if it can be shown that, given a particular moral discipline, and a certain historical impulse and example, then the saint is just the poet grown grey, writing his love poem in the dreams and deeds of life?

III

WHEN Schopenhauer said religion was the metaphysics of the people, he meant of course that the folk-mind wants some sort of answer to the questions—What am I?—Whence do I come? and—Whither do I go?—by which the metaphysician is tormented, sometimes obsessed. But the folk-mind, if it is embodied in a ploughman or a shepherd, has not diurnally assisted at the sunrise and sunset, has not experienced the procession of the seasons and the crops, and sat up night upon night with lambing ewes, without preserving and even developing something of the adolescent spark of idealism, which, as these psychologists of adolescence go on reminding us, breaks once into light in all men. For these there are religious questions other than the metaphysical ones. The folk-mind in its recurrent moods of idealistic tendency reaches out, however vaguely and sporadically it may be, towards asking—What at my best would I like to be?—and to do? What ways are there of starting and moving on that road? How can I build into myself the memories and examples of great and good lives I have known or heard tell of? And it may be—What memory of myself would I leave to my descendants and my friends?

These, to be sure, are not precisely the kind of query put into the mouth of the rustic, in the newspapers written for smart townsmen of London by smart gownsmen of Oxford. But, granting such questions as occasional possibilities, let us see if it helps to account—in a different way from that of M. Janet and the mad doctors—for the fact that there have been saints in the world.

IV

IN point of fact, who and what are the saints of historic memory?

To the last great wave of militant idealism which surged through the Roman Church—the Jesuit movement—we owe our systematized biographical knowledge of the saints. To a Jesuit father—one Rosweydyus—it occurred to recall the western world to its inheritance of ideals by collecting and publishing in one series of volumes—“The Deeds of the Saints.” When this great undertaking was reported to Cardinal Bellarmine, he said of Rosweydyus—“What is this man’s age? Does he expect to live 200 years?” The critical Cardinal’s scoff fell short of the occasion; for the beginning of an issue was made by Bollandus in 1643, and the work is still in process of publication. And we may add, for the discomfiture of the Cardinal, that Rosweydyus is perhaps more alive than ever. For he has not only helped to preserve and transmit to pious Catholics their inheritance of ideals, but he has been an instrument in restoring to the impoverished Protestant section of the Christian world something of that wealth of spiritual tradition of which the Reformation deprived it. Mr Baring Gould, for instance, has cut down for English Protestants, into a modest score of volumes containing some three to four thousand lives, the monumental records of the Bollandists. And what was the Oxford or Tractarian Movement—that start-point of the nineteenth century Anglican revival—but the discovery and recovery by a group of Oxford adolescents of a stock of ideals congruent with Oxford culture, but which their Cavalier and

Jacobite ancestors had forsaken, or exchanged for a mess of loyalty, and which their utilitarian fathers and grandfathers had too easily learnt to despise. It was a natural consequence of such a re-discovery that these 'hot-headed and fanatical young men' (as Kingsley, with accurate enough psychological severity, called the Newman-Pusey group) should have projected the publication of a series of volumes of the lives of the English Saints. By this work—certainly the most notable literary promise of the Oxford Movement—they hoped to re-establish the broken succession of saintly types, and transmit the long forgotten and new found inheritance to succeeding generations of responsive adolescents.

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To return, however, to the Bollandists collectors and editors of the 'Deeds of the Saints.' These drew their material mainly from the records in the libraries of churches and monasteries. And as, in response to their requests to local keepers of records, material poured in, none perhaps were more astonished than the editors themselves at the overwhelming multitude of saints whom their call had summoned into congregation. Bollandus, who took over the direction of the scheme from Rosweyde, began by publishing for the month of January two folios in double columns, close print, of 1200 pages each. February occupied three volumes. May swelled into seven folios, September into eight, and October into ten.

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the general Calendar, comparatively few had been formally canonized at Rome. That elaborate ceremonialization was a relatively late creation, and it was not until the eighteenth century that a formal and authoritative papal treatise on the principles of canonization appeared. Up to the twelfth or thirteenth centuries—that is, throughout the active period of saint worship—all that was necessary to obtain a day in the Calendar, for the worship of a particular saint in any diocese, was the consent of the Bishop of that diocese. And in all such cases the episcopal consent was regarded as being nothing more than the formal recognition and official approval of a demand spontaneously evoked by reverence and loving gratitude towards the memory of an exceptional life, which, here and there, in hamlet and village, town and city, had kept alight the torch of the ideal. The folk-mind has its own standards of what is good and true and beautiful, and, in terms of these, it selects for idealisation, the types that appeal most to its poetic sense. Self-sacrifice, as Emerson said, is the original miracle, out of which all the other miracles grew; and the life in which self-seeking is systematically subordinated to bringing into other lives what is felt to be good and true and beautiful, will seem most miraculous and most sacred. Therefore the Bollandists properly call their publications not the *Lives*, but the *Deeds of the Saints*. Like Adamnan's '*Life of Columba*,' they are not so much biographies as records of 'miracles, prophecies, and visions.' (Interpret them as recording poems of the dreams and the deeds of ideal regional and occupational types—then we have in these lives a concrete historical basis for studying the

rise and growth, the decay and degeneration, and the re-birth of folk ideals. It is perhaps for the lack of such knowledge that so many admirable experiments of social reformers in town and country are distressingly futile. Fruit-growing and co-operative dairies are admirable and indispensable things, but even with mutual banks, tea meetings and the cinematograph, they fall short of making a model village, by just that element that makes the difference between Dante and the daily newspaper. Fundamental is it in the village economy to cultivate a stock of pedigree pigs and prize poultry, but supreme is the (not un-related) problem of how to preserve and develop the stock of ideals. Every village garden is an Eden in making or in decay; and the most the city can do for itself or the village, is to advance one process or the other. And for the better of these purposes a little knowledge may be worth a great deal of good intention.

VI

It was thus entirely natural that the group of adolescents who stirred up the Oxford Movement should seek to resuscitate the stock of saintly ideals; and, by making their Calendar national and regional, they returned to the original principles of sanctification, and rightly hoped thereby to reawaken a traditional idealism adapted to the Christian culture of the English people. This aspect was apparently too obvious to call for special reference in the Prospectus of the project issued by Newman; for, in that document, the main purpose of the undertaking was declared to

be the disciplinary one of diverting into regional and practical activities, the adolescent tendency to run into excessive subjectivities of one kind and another. 'I thought,' he says, in reference to his colleagues, 'the writing of the lives would be useful as employing the minds of men who are in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, from speculation to fact, and again as giving them an interest in the English soil and the English church.'

VII

A GLANCE at Newman's Calendar reveals many gaps, the supply of English saints being apparently insufficient to go round the 365 days, notwithstanding the inclusion of various names which had never been sanctified even in popular worship. The shortage of English saints could have been more than made up by the inclusion even of the Cornish ones. But here the difficulty was just of the opposite kind. The number of Cornish saints was so large as to be unmanageable, and consequently Cornwall was excluded from the English Calendar. There was never any intention, presumably, of including the saints of Wales, Scotland or Ireland. Translated into the language of the impartial sociological observer, this omission of Cornwall means that the stock of ideals available for transmission in Cornwall was more ample than the mental resources of the Oxford Tractarians were able to deal with. It is currently counted that Cornwall is a place of folk-lore, and Oxford of culture. But it would seem that there is a point of view from which the culture appears to be in

Cornwall, the folk in Oxford, and the lore in its libraries, fossilised as learning. This wealth of idealism possessed by the Cornish people is characteristic, as is well known, of the whole Celtic fringe, and, above all, of Ireland. This idealist culture-inheritance of the Irish is indeed what essentially distinguished them, not only from the less imaginative English, but even from all other nations of mediæval Europe.

For several centuries in early mediæval times, Irish saints were as common in Europe as Irish policemen in America to-day. It is said to be a working rule of the Bollandist editors, that if the birthplace of a saint is unknown, he may safely be counted an Irishman. The contemporary story (esteemed of political hibernophobes) of the Kilkenny sweep, who excused himself for drunkenness on the ground of over-fatigue, as he had to do the work of all the other sweeps ('they being away attending to their parli'ment'ry duties at Westminster'), may be balanced by the twelfth century story in Giraldus, concerning an Archbishop of Cashel, who, when taunted by a Roman ecclesiastic that the Irish church had never produced a single martyr, retorted: 'Quite so! My country has not earned, by the universal consent of Christendom, her title of Isle of Saints by persecuting God's elect, but by cherishing them.'

VIII

Now, there was in early mediæval Ireland, a veritable proliferation, not only of saints, but also of poets. Can we correlate these two historical facts?

May we interpret them as manifestations of a single national characteristic and tendency?

Columba, the most typical perhaps, if not the best known of Irish saints, was himself of the order of Bards. Several poems attributed to him are still extant. It would, indeed, be strange, if a man of Columba's emotional intensity and ceaseless initiative, should spend a good portion of his life in making those MS. copies of the psalms, which were the chief propagandist documents of early Christianity, without himself running into poetic composition. It is symbolic of the method and the persistent continuity of the Irish endeavour to civilize England, that a translation of the very hymn of St Patrick which he is said to have sung at Tara, should have been sung in procession at the enthronement of Bishop Magee at Lincoln on St Patrick's Day, 1891.

In or after transforming themselves into Christian singers, the Druidic Bards, or Minstrel Poets of Ireland, apparently waxed fat and multiplied exceedingly. The profession grew so popular and attractive, apparently even lucrative, that, in the sixth century, nearly a third of the population, it is even said, had become bards. This was too much even for the Irish; and, in anger and resentment at the exactions and abuses of the chief bards, there would seem to have been a proposal to abolish the order, at a great national Convention in 575 A.D. Columba came over from Iona to attend the Convention, for the double purpose of protecting the bardic order and acting as pacificator in certain disputes between Ireland and Scotland. Under his wise and benign influence, the corporation was judiciously reformed. The retainers of the chief

bards were diminished, and grants of land made to them in place of their previous exigent privileges. Thus strengthened by purging, purification, and lighter diet, the bardic order persisted, and survived the evil times, not only of the Scandinavian invasions and ravages, but even the Tudor and Stuart persecutions. The last representatives of the order—their customary privileges reduced to a seat by the kitchen fire in winter and a meal on the doorstep in summer—lingered on into the nineteenth century, and disappeared just as the new spirit of Irish poetry was reviving, out of the ruins of the old national literature.

IX

THE number, the influence, the persistence of the Irish and Scotch bards is accounted for, not only by their providing music and poetry for a people passionately athirst for both, but also by the fact that they were regional historians and chroniclers. All through the middle ages, each district had its appropriate number of bards. Historians differ essentially, not as the Germans have taught us to think, in the external accuracy of the facts they record, but in their deeper veracity of spirit, above all, their choice; for both choice and spirit depend upon the kind of ideals they seek, consciously or unconsciously, to transmit from one generation to another. Thus, when in the nineteenth century Irish mill-hands were of greater utility in Manchester and Glasgow than saints or heroes, it was natural that varieties of local historian should replace the bard—viz., the Registrar of births, deaths and

marriages, and the economic statistician generally. This accurate counting of heads is a necessary and excellent public function; but, to make that the prime duty of the local historian, is to ensure that he transmits the ideals of the drill sergeant. A society which keeps separated the labours of its poets and its historians—as Europe for the past three centuries has done—is endeavouring, by perverting its poets, and dessicating its historians, to starve itself of idealism, and to obliterate its inheritance of ideals. That these efforts are subconscious makes matters all the worse. It is perhaps the instinctive effort of a degenerating organism to disencumber itself of an impediment to decay.

The true historian is a link between the poet and the saint. Set the poet to write history, and he will, according to the usages and standards of his time and training, count heads as accurately as the best. But he will not be stopped there. Transmitting the deeds of the heroes and dreams of the saints, he will make other heroes and saints, at times even he has the reward of highest hope, and becomes a saint himself.

X

THE middle ages might well be defined as times when saints were made wholesale. It was their later centuries that gave us the fullest examples—like St Bernard and St Francis, St Catherine and St Teresa. The psychological formula, for the development of the saintly type, and even its educational routine, became explicit; and both were

theoretically perfected in the system and the writings of those saints who, like Ignatius Loyola and Teresa, emerged as monastic institutions were in full decline. Indeed, the writings of Teresa are masterpieces of psychological analysis such as can hardly be matched in modern treatises; and they are not likely to be adequately utilized, still less equalled, till the union of her mode of thought and its branch of science again engages the attention of women—its natural cultivators.

But for the elemental conditions of saintly origin and growth, while utilizing fully these later sources, we must look to earlier times, of pristine simplicity, and spontaneous initiative; and above all to those Celtic monasteries of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, which were veritable laboratories of the saintly mode of life. The credulity of Montalembert is to be deprecated, and the exaggerations into which it led him avoided; but it remains that no other historian of monasticism has touched the subject with the same truth of imaginative insight.

'The first great monasteries of Ireland,' Montalembert truly says, 'were nothing else, to speak simply, than clans reorganized under a religious form. From this cause resulted the extraordinary number of their inhabitants, who were counted by hundreds and thousands; from this also came their influence and productiveness, which were still more wonderful. In these vast monastic cities, that fidelity to the church which Ireland has maintained with heroic constancy for fourteen centuries, in face of all excesses, as well as all the refinements, of persecution, took permanent root. There also were trained a veritable population of philosophers, of writers, of architects, of carvers, of painters, of calligraphers, of musicians, poets, and historians; but, above all, of missionaries and preachers, destined to spread the light of the Gospel and of Christian education, not only in all the Celtic countries, of which Ireland was

always the nursing mother, but throughout Europe, among all the Teutonic races—among the Franks and Burgundians, who were already masters of Gaul, as well as amid the dwellers by the Rhine and the Danube, and up to the frontiers of Italy. Thus sprang up all those armies of saints, who were more numerous, more national, more popular, and, it must be added, more extraordinary, in Ireland than in any other Christian land.'

Of all the early Irish saints, Columba is perhaps the most typical, as alike regional, national and international, and in respect of his being at once amply historical and deeply legendary.

XI

THE biographers of St Columba are fond of insisting on his royal lineage alike by paternal and maternal descent. We may take this to mean that he had good shepherd blood in his veins. The Celtic people who settled in Ireland found there grassy plains and valleys which permitted and even compelled some continuance of their primitive pastoral form of life. The people, in becoming peasants, of necessity remained half shepherds, and their tribal chiefs, in becoming territorial princes and petty kings, remained half patriarchs, and only partly degenerated into an aristocracy of war and sport. Thus geographical conditions determined the continuance of the shepherd occupation, with its necessary pastoral ideal of the perfect man as 'good shepherd,' and its corresponding and equally necessary pastoral Utopia—of a perfect world in which loving-kindness universally prevails, and the Shepherd is Lord Supreme who

'maketh man 'to lie down in green pastures and leadeth him by still waters.'

True that his biographers do not expressly tell us of the boy Columba having, like David, tended his father's flocks. But that it was the custom for sons of great territorial chiefs to serve such an apprenticeship we know, if only from such stories as that of Columba's contemporary, St Mochuda (the son of a great lord of Kerry), who founded the monastic city of Lismore, and of whom this legend is told. He was tending his father's flocks, when

'there passed one day a Bishop with his suite, chanting psalms in alternate strophes as they continued their course. The young Mochuda was so rapt by this psalmody that he abandoned his flock, and followed the choir of singers to the gates of the monastery where they were to pass the night. He did not venture to enter with them, but remained outside, close to the place where they lay, and where he could hear them continue their song till the hour of repose, the Bishop chanting longest of all after the others were asleep. The shepherd thus passed the entire night. The chief, who loved him, sought him everywhere, and when at last the young man was brought to him, asked why he had not come, as usual, on the previous evening. "My Lord," said the shepherd, "I did not come because I was ravished by the divine song which I have heard sung by the holy clergy. Please Heaven, Lord Duke, that I was but with them, that I might learn to sing as they do." The chief in vain admitted him to his table, offered him his sword, his buckler, his lance, all the tokens of a stirring and prosperous life. "I want none of your gifts," the shepherd always replied, "I want but one thing—to learn the chant which I have heard sung by the saints of God." In the end he prevailed, and was sent to the Bishop to be made a monk.'

XII

As at another time and place, when idealism was an effective force, no man could be a knight without being first a squire (*i.e.*, a groom), or later could be a gentleman without being first a page (*i.e.*, a servant), so it is likely that in early Ireland to learn to be a shepherd was part of the training for a chieftain. For in the long run, what is the chieftain but the best shepherd of all the clansmen? To understand the imposing historical figure, St Columba, Abbot of Iona, let us then go back to Colum O'Donnel, the shepherd boy of Donegal. The seeding of senescent sanctity in Iona, need lose none of its evocatory wonder and admiration, its truly miraculous elements, if we can understand it as continuing the flowering of poetic adolescence in Donegal, and this again need lose none of its romance if we can connect its idealism with the keeping and the tending of sheep.

The supply of Irish shepherd boys being perennial and dependent, in last resort, only on grass and sheep, it becomes a matter of historical investigation to ascertain what changes in the social *milieu* determine the direction of latent adolescent idealism towards Iona and missionary enterprise in one age, or in another to New York and the organisation of philanthropy, or to Chicago and the creation of a great University, or to Westminster and Nationalist politics. But here the problem is only with Colum O'Donnel of the sixth century, and not with Irish American philanthropists, nor with the President Harpers and the Michael Davitts of the nineteenth century.

Adamnan relates with great wealth of poetic detail a parental vision of Columba's mother in which she saw her son as a Prophet of God and a missionary of the Christian faith. Every mother has ideals for her son. Her idea of the perfect man and the perfect life to lead are just what her personality, her education, her rank prompt her to select from the inherited stock of ideals transmitted to her *milieu*. Combining this selection of social and customary standards into a unique personal ideal, she dreams of its realisation in her son. And here in the maternal urge and impulse to vicarious realisation, we are at the very fountain-head of idealism. For here, if anywhere, the altruistic element in idealism is irresistibly linked with a natural tendency to self-sacrifice.

XIII

IN a wholly pastoral community, *i.e.*, a community which lives and moves by, with, and for its flocks—the mental and emotional processes will be coloured throughout by the conditions of the shepherd's occupation.* In such a community sheep are kept essentially for wool (and milk) and not for mutton. The welfare of a pastoral people depends, therefore, on the quantity and quality of the wool yielded by its flocks, and the skill and taste of the women in spinning it and weaving it into fabrics. The more numerous and vigorous the flocks and the

*For a study of pastoral ideals and their geographical and occupational origins *vide* P. Geddes, *Flower of the Grass*, in *The Evergreen, Book of Summer* (P. Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh, 1896).

finer the wool, the more prosperous the tribe. The selection and care of the best types for breeding, implies the scrupulous record and scrutiny of pedigree, and the progressive improvement of stock leads naturally to aspirations of an indefinitely perfectable type as a goal of achievement. Thus, it is easy to see how amongst pastoral peoples, the evolution of pedigree stock, and pride of family genealogy, are correlative. And it equally follows that, since economic success is, in a pastoral community, inevitably in terms of maximum and optimum of life, the human ideals which grow up in that *milieu* will be correspondingly coloured. The sentiments of the people will tend to shape their ideas of moral perfection towards the dream of an ideal type of the race, who shall come as a Redeemer. The Messianic hope is the poetry of pastoral maternity, renewing itself with each generation; and in the elan of adolescence it is no remote and unattainable ideal, but may be a very present hope and a mainspring of conduct. And that being so, the presence and continuance of the ideal will tend to create the conditions of its own fulfilment. The tradition of the ideal will gradually build up a congruent moral discipline, under which an approximating movement is made towards its realization. Thus are kept alive the moral qualities of hope, which lights the adolescent flame, and faith (*i.e.*, belief in ideal perfectability), which is the sustenance that keeps it burning.

From the caravan connection, which the great pastoral communities have from time immemorial maintained with the trading cities, many moral and social reactions ensue. But here a single one calls for reference. One of the very oldest romance

legends of the world is the Quest of the Golden Fleece—already ancient in the time of Homer. The original Jason was doubtless a pastoral caravan hero, whose prowess in adventurous exploit won him wealth and a wife in the wonderlands of distant trade. The quest of love and adventure is, to be sure, a normal characteristic of awakened youth in any social formation; for where youth is, romance is not far to seek. But to pastoral caravan origins we have probably to look for the finer developments of the quest as idealised romance.

XIV

PASTORALISM is the admitted parent of Christianity; but it is also the grandparent of the complementary religion—Hellenism. The interest and significance of Apollo, to the sociologist, is that the god *did*, as the legend affirms, keep flocks; that he *did* slay real, live wolves; that he *did* (on a caravan journey) barter the fleeces of a whole flock for a coveted musical instrument in a one-sided bargain with a young Hebrew trader (his brother Hermes); and that he *was* the king's herdsman, who could and did do two things better than all the others—

'And first, that he was better with the bow
Than any 'twixt Olympus and the sea;
And then that sweet, heart-piercing melody
He drew out from the rigid-seeming lyre,
And made the circle round the winter fire
More like to heaven than gardens of the May.
So many a heavy thought he chased away
From the King's heart, and softened many a hate,
And choked the spring of many a harsh debate.'

As a far-darting god, there is a natural tendency to associate Apollo with the far-going caravan; but,

leaving that as a problem (that is to say, a quest) for a young archæologist, note Apollo's own quest, for which he was celebrated in the recently discovered Delphic hymn—

'Thou who didst conquer with thy darts the unspeakable
dragon
And didst drive him writhing before thee into the clefts
of the hill.'

Having conquered the unspeakable dragon (of lust), Phœbus Apollo became the god of honour, light, and purity. Here his story is symbolical of the task which confronts every youth and the quest to which each is called. In setting out to conquer his own dragon, every youth may draw inspiration and courage from the thought that he is treading in the footsteps of Apollo. In preparation of this quest the discipline of the body has a special place, and therefore is Apollo the ideal athlete and god of the Palæstra. But the source of the moral discipline is not so obvious. By what means may the great miracle of Nature be performed, the transmutation of egoistic passion into altruistic love? For one of the social origins of this we may go back to the shepherd's calling and find a germ of altruistic tendency in the capacity for tenderness and self-sacrifice which the constant reaction of sheep and shepherd inevitably develops. This is further disciplined by the abstinence and control required on the long caravan journey. And if that journey, with many, ends in a debauch in the city of its destination, the very fact of such a loss of 'integrity' will tend, in the more ideal types, to prompt to a still higher perfection of restraint. Hence it may happen that the young caravanier will

conceive it his highest reward to be able to bring back as a wife, not for himself, but for another, the very flower of maidens; for so did Apollo on another quest gain Alcestis for the bride of Admetus. This supreme exercise of fidelity and self-effacement is the severest test to which any human youth can be put, and rightly forms a part of the story of Apollo, both as shepherd-boy and as the god of ideal youth. Where Lancelot, the flower of Christian chivalry, failed, the shepherd Apollo succeeded; and so made a like achievement easier for every youth thereafter, in proportion as his training, his occupation, and his personality could respond to the suggestion of the great exemplar. And it is as an endeavour to make the exemplar valid and helpful for youth, that we must understand and interpret all that elaboration of ceremony and ritual in the worship of the god of purity, by and through which the young mind was to be suggestionised into the incorporation of that ideal. The worship of a god of purity, known himself to have been a shepherd-boy, was fitly made part of the necessary training of all other shepherd-boys in a society fundamentally pastoral.

XV

HAVING conquered the Delphian Dragon, and become Master of Music and Poetry, Apollo was trained for a still greater quest, which was also a mission. As Musagetes, he is engaged on the quest of finding the Muses, and bringing them together; that is, of orchestrating all the Arts into a unified service of life and love. This is the

supreme quest-mission, and it is the merit of the Greeks that they came nearer to achieve it than any other people. The Greeks might be described as a people who, like Apollo, went on the quest of the Muses; but, unlike him, although they sighted the goal, they got lost on the way. Some of them became arrested in the gymnasium—those who worshipped Apollo as a beautiful athlete, forgetting that muscular training is only a preparation, and for the quest which is the way out of that school. And, as an Adolescent too often sacrifices his ideal by hypostatizing prowess or agility, so in the same way a Senescent may also only too easily get stuck in the Cloister, and become a mere gymnast of the mental life; dialectic being but the mental gymnastics of senescence.

It is of the very meaning of youth that it has its problems; and here the Quest is the moral discipline by which the youth may be initiated into the altruistic point of view. He learns that what seems his unique and personal problem is also a general one; and that as his fellows have similar problems, his instructive rivalry must take the form of higher and higher quest; and his instinct of fellowship be applied to helping their quests, even at hazard to his own.

XVI

As the Quest is the discipline of the caravan idealised by the romance of youth, so the Mission is the same discipline carried into mature manhood. It is no accident that the greatest of missionaries was a tent-maker. When St Paul started on his mission of converting the world to the ideals of the

Sermon on the Mount, he was probably approaching middle age. Another great world-missionary passed from shepherd-boy to be caravanier at five-and-twenty, and at thirty-seven started on his mission of proclaiming the ideals of the Koran. The quest of the youth is embodied in an adventure for a concrete and personal object, and naturally so, for much time and training are normally required to bring the human mind to think and feel in anything else than personalities and concrete images. But by maturity a man should have learned that, even given the desire to serve, there is a higher form of service than personal help. The missionary is the man who has seen that the world may be served most by general truths—more by good doctrine than even by good doctoring; and that there is more effective philanthropy in discovering and applying a general social formula, than feeding the hungry and clothing the naked of a generation or an hour. Hence the missionary impulse is of high emotional intensity, even when it seems to know inhumanly little of persons. The mission is the romance of adult service, and the larger the ideal that is sought to be realised the greater the flowering of love and beauty in the achievement.

XVII

It was the theory of Monasticism, tenaciously held and specially developed in Celtic monasticism, that there are three chief crises in the history of the human soul. They were called the three vocations or calls from God. The first was the idealisation of the heart, or Conversion, corresponding to the

psychic awakening which results in the Quest. The second was the seeking of the Salvation of others, achieved by what we have seen as the Mission. The third was known as the Call of Abraham, and eventuated in becoming a citizen of heaven. This was achieved by the Perfect Pilgrimage.

In what is called 'The Old Irish Life of Columba' (a panegyric composed by some unknown monk to be read for the edification of the brethren on the Saint's day) the theory of the perfect Pilgrimage is worked out in biblical phraseology, of curiously mixed Gaelic and Latin. Translated into the half-technical, half-popular terms of current sociology, it means that the perfect pilgrim is one who has been able to rid himself of the prejudices of his own people and incorporate the best ideals of other peoples. And the state of perfect pilgrimage is to be objectively reached, if possible, by travel and sojourn amongst foreign peoples, until one can possess and practise their particular virtues; or if we may not do it by actual voyaging, then we may approach indefinitely near by cultivating goodwill towards foreign ideals and all the human personalities which they have formed and animate. In seeking the perfect pilgrimage, it is declared that the example of the old men of the past has to be followed; and above all, that of Abraham, who 'went into the land of the Chaldees to Haran where his father died, and went from thence to the Land of Promise.' And, later on in the text, the Land of Promise is generalised as 'the possession of Paradise in the presence of God for ever.' In this theory, or plan of a perfectly achieved life, the Pilgrimage is the discipline of

senescence—the corrective of the old man's tendency to lapse into uninspiring purposeless reminiscence. As a regimen objectively obeyed, it begins with a visit to the ancestral tomb, where the virtues of the departed are remembered and hallowed, and their defects and shortcomings forgotten, in the moment of tender worship evoked even at a simple and unadorned grave; but it flames into a passionate zeal for righteousness, where the tomb-temple lifts the mind to the contemplation of the starry heavens—and of all that they signify to men whose occupation has committed them to a life lived under the open skies, and to all the emotional and intellectual results of this. The pilgrimage thus normally arises and is maintained amongst a pastoral people; their temple-observatory is built on the ground where ancestors are buried: and thus the senescent shepherd may be stimulated, in the glow of a cosmic and human vision, to renew his youth and aspire even to lead his people into a new Land of Promise at the end of days. Islam thus does not go to Mecca for nothing, as we Westerns have been too much wont to think since we threw away our own palmer-shells. By the discipline of the pilgrimage, the miracle is wrought, of transforming the old man's reminiscences of an irreclaimable past into the young man's quest of a priceless future. Of all social formations the pastoral is that in which the influence of the aged is most pronounced and prolonged; and this it is easy to see rests in the very nature of the occupation of shepherding itself; for muscular force of youth, and half-ripe experience of manhood, count for little where guidance depends upon accumulated experience of the seasons and pastures, of the habits of

animals and the customs of people. Moses was nearly a septuagenarian when he started on the pilgrimage that was to take the tribes of Israel to the Promised Land. Mahomet, when he made his pilgrimage to Mecca, was young for a patriarch. He was only sixty; but he had prematurely worn himself out—and worn the ideal in—by the more arduous and ceaseless adventuring of the caravanier.

With the pilgrimage, the cycle of life-disciplines completes itself, when, at the holiest of places in the sacred city, the senescent pilgrim meets the adolescent journeying on his quest, and gives him the final exhortation to pursue the ideal—the most effective transmission of ideals from the old to the new generation. Mahomet's farewell charge to his fellow-pilgrims, old and young, at Mecca, condensed into a tetrad of exhortation the whole teaching of the Koran: 'Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable among you. Treat your women well, for they are in your hands, and ye have taken them on the security of God. See that ye feed your slaves with such food as ye eat, and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. Know that every Moslem is the brother of every other. All of you are equal. Ye are one brotherhood. I have fulfilled my mission. I have left amongst you a plain command—the Book of God; and manifest ordinances, the which if ye hold fast ye shall never go astray.'

XVIII

FROM this long excursion—to the great steppe of Asia, the grassy valleys of Hellas, and the deserts

and oases of Arabia, with their respective varieties of pastoral folk—we return to the problem of how a Donegal shepherd boy became an abbot, a missionary and a saint. What, let us ask, was the education that started Columba on the way to Iona, and that progressively forwarded his development when he had arrived there? We think of education as threefold in purpose—education for youth, for maturity, and for old age. What is it that determines at adolescence whether a youth flames into passionate idealism or lapses into animalism, becomes poet or potboy—whether at manhood he hardens into mammonolatry or vibrates to the conviction of a message—whether at senescence he becomes a garrulous egotist or a noble patriarch?

Piecing together items from the many early biographies of Columba, we can construct a fairly complete picture of his intellectual and moral education.

Youth must derive its ideals mainly through love of persons; manhood through interest in work and ideas; age through the significance of symbols. These then are the channels through which each vital system of education must run—its rivulets uniting into a stream that flows on continuously and expansive throughout life.

The education of Columba began with the dream of his mother that her son would become a prophet of God. This means that the first person the boy would love and desire to please, was herself an idealist. Again, not the least influence which a mother's ideals exercise on her son is the direction they give to her choice of teachers for him. Columba's first teacher was an aged and saintly hermit, to whose retreat in a beautiful valley

Columba was sent for his early instruction. It was a characteristic of the Irish saints to choose the beauty-spots of nature for their dwelling; and this tradition was continued by Columba himself, when he came to found his own churches and monasteries. The aged hermit, we learn, was wont to take counsel of a certain Druid on matters touching the education of his charge. The boy thus came under the influence of a Naturalist as well as a Humanist, and the store of his impressions of nature was doubtless enriched from druidical sources.

The personalities whom a child, through pleasing associations, may be taught to love, include, of course, the noble types of the past. There is a story of Columba that when his tutor-priest one day failed to go on with the service, through lapse of memory in the middle of the 119th Psalm, the boy finished the psalm, having learnt it by heart, though he was not supposed to have proceeded so far in his studies. Yet even a boy brought up on stories of the Biblical heroes, as Columba was, will effectively accept them as ideals of personal achievement if—and only if—their heroic deeds touch the experience of his own life, and are congruent with the traditions of his own people. The Irish, in becoming Christianised, were able to incorporate so much of the stock of Hebraic ideals, just because shepherding was one of the dominant factors in their own mode of life. The use of sheep, after all, is not to supply mutton, or even wool; it is to educate young men into reverence for Abraham, love for David, and understanding of Solomon. And if the lad's admiration goes out to David, the slayer of Goliath, rather than to David the poet

and psalmist, that is all to the good in its season, and for the purposes, as we shall see, of a season beyond.

To begin with, obviously it will go ill with the young knight of idealism who would venture out against the lords of the Philistines, if he be not trained to perfection of muscular strength and suppleness, and equipped with the essential tricks of the warrior's craft. In short, whatever ultimate supremacy we may accord to the things of the spirit, we must recognise that there is a more simple and material ideal to which normal youth owes a natural and even æsthetic homage, in its place and hour. Apollo, the god of light and purity, was also the god of the gymnasium; and it is to the young athlete in the palæstra that he gives the answer to the question which the poet-philosopher asks—'My body at its best—how far can it project my soul on its lone way?' It was a dart of the slighted Apollo which wrung from the poet-ascetic St Francis the warning and the confession: 'We must needs use great discretion in the way we treat our brother the body, if we would not have it excite in us a storm of melancholy.' The slaying of Goliath, therefore, is a necessary initial adventure in the adolescent quest. The thick skull of Goliath, that has to be broken, is the thought-killing crust of custom, that seeks to harden itself around the soul of every adolescent as he comes to his years of decision. The resources of strength, confidence, and courage for that exploit are gained by the young shepherd fighting, along with Apollo the wolves, with David the bears, that prey upon his father's flocks. Columba slew *his* Goliath with a weapon even more primitive than the sling of

David : the naked fist of a man. It is his first recorded miracle, the story of which is told as follows in the prose-poem called 'Adamnan's Life of St Columba' :—

'When the blessed man, as yet a young deacon, was living in the district of the Lagenians (Leinster), learning Divine wisdom, it happened one day that a certain man, a fierce, cruel persecutor of innocent persons, pursued a certain young girl as she fled on the level surface of the field. And when by chance she saw the old man Gemman, the tutor of the above-mentioned young deacon, reading in the field, she fled to him in a direct course, with all the speed she could. And he, alarmed by this sudden occurrence, calls to him Columba, who is reading at a distance, that both of them, to the best of their power, may defend the girl from her pursuer. But he, immediately coming up, and showing no reverence to them, stabbed the girl under their cloaks with a lance, and leaving her dead body lying over their feet, turned and began to go away. Then the old man, greatly distressed, turns to Columba and says, "For how great length of time, O holy youth Columba, will God, the just Judge, suffer this crime, with the dishonour to us, to be unavenged?" Then the Saint fitly pronounced this sentence upon the evil-doer himself, saying : "In the same hour in which the soul of the maiden slain by him ascends into the heavens, the soul of the murderer himself shall go down into hell." And, sooner than can be said, with a word, like Ananias before Peter, so also that slaughterer of innocents, before the eyes of the holy youth, fell dead on that same spot of ground.'

In brief and prosaic summary, we may take it that while the ordinary respectable young man would have gone for a policeman—if the journey was not too far—Columba executed summary justice, by one terrific blow, so swift and sudden that the good Gemman observed it not. After this display of Columba's prowess with biceps and knuckle bones, it is easy to believe in his other youthful

miracle, that while he was a student at the monastic college of Moville, an angel came to help him whenever it was his turn to grind the corn overnight for the use of the monastery next day, so that Columba did it faster and better than any other.

XIX

DURING the last five years of his student life (20-25), Columba wandered from monastery to monastery, selecting his own teachers and pursuing the post-graduate studies of the time. One of the teachers thus chosen by the young man himself, was the Gemman of the foregoing adventure. He was an aged Bard who had come to the monastery of Moville during Columba's residence there, asking from the Abbot, in exchange for his music and his poetry, the Roman secret of fertilising the soil. Columba went off with the Bard to join his school and share his labours and his studies; and it was when they were studying together out of doors in the open fields (as was the custom largely of the Irish monasteries) that the assassination of the maiden occurred. After leaving Gemman, he sought a new master in Finnian of Clonard, whose fame as a philosopher as well as a theologian attracted to his monastic college of Clonard (it is said) 3000 students, not only Irish, English, Scots, and Welsh, but also from the Continent.

The adolescent quest becomes, in course of normal development, a search for an intellectual as well as a moral foothold. At first a unifying emotion—love of person—satisfies; but later comes inevitably, if mental life continues, a desire for unifying ideas

(philosophy, or love of wisdom). Now it is the capital re-discovery of modern psychology, that we think with our hands as much as with our brains. It follows that there are as many ways of thinking as there are elemental and diverse forms of labour. There is a shepherd way of thinking, a peasant way, a fisher way, &c.; but though there is a shepherd religion, there can be no (adequate) shepherd philosophy, since philosophy is the unification of all ways of thinking. Whence, then, is the requisite guidance in the adolescent quest for intellectual unity? The illusion—for with all its academic prestige and popular acceptance, it is an illusion—that philosophy, like art, is a product of the leisure class, derives from the confusion of belief with make-believe. It belongs to the nature of a leisure class that, as such, it can have neither religion nor philosophy, but only superstition or sophistry. And the nineteenth century, one of the most superstitious and sophistical ages in occidental history, was naturally one of the most atheistical (*i.e.*, unidealist) in religion, and most sceptical (*i.e.*, unbelieving in unity) in philosophy, just because, to be lifted unto unearned leisure, was the secret ambition of nearly all Englishmen, most Frenchmen, and too many Germans. Each endowment of research becomes deteriorated in its turn through the research of endowment; that is the ruin of monasteries in one age as of colleges in ours—but the temptation arises, the evil begins, far more subtly than any crude and conscious pot-hunting—as of ‘Put me, I pray thee, in the priest’s office, that I may eat a piece of bread.’

The adolescent preparation of mind and hand for philosophy—as teachers to-day in American schools

begin to organise, as to-morrow in all our universities—is to participate in turn in all the elemental occupations—to use the aptitudes and earn the experience of peasant as well as shepherd, of fisher and forester, of hunter and miner, as far as opportunity may in practice allow. Here and here only, in fact, is the better training than that of militarism; which we now understand afresh, as the natural rebound from the futile and failing education of the leisured and the clerkly classes.

XX

Now, this occupational education, and carried of old to a very real and large extent, is just the discipline to which monasticism, and especially Celtic monasticism, submitted its novices. Why then, it may be asked, did not the monasteries produce a philosophy? The answer is twofold. In the first place, they did produce the only philosophy which appeared in Europe between the decay of Greek thought and the beginnings of a philosophy of science in the nineteenth century. The test of belief is action; and if philosophy does not pass into life, it is but a dialectical amusement, or a sophistical make-believe. In both characters, perhaps, it has a function; but that function is not nutritive, even when it is not sinister. The scholastic philosophy was thought out by the monk and friar, far more than by laymen; and it did explain the world and man, their past, present and future, in terms of current belief; hence it could and did serve as the intellectual basis of education and art, statecraft and ecclesiastical polity. Those who

condemn it off-hand as the poorest of philosophies, must make their peace, if they can, with the fact that it produced the greatest of poems, the 'Divine Comedy.' It did this because it was thorough-going and honest; because its exponents were 'very sure of God,' and therefore very true with themselves.

In the second place, we have to remember that labour is synthetic, only if it is sympathetic. The discipline of manual labour is of two kinds—evocatory and repressive. Labour leads to light through love. It is love alone that makes labour lift up the heart. *Sursum corda* is a necessary preliminary to the intellectual vision. It was a cardinal defect of monasticism, that it used manual labour too largely as a repressive discipline. 'Work till you weep, or if the tears are not free, till you copiously sweat,' was an item in the Columban Rule. Through the labour of the field, the youth may be reduced to the stupor of drudgery; or he may be lifted to love of the peasant poets, Virgil and Hesiod, to sympathy and understanding of Confucius, the peasant philosopher—who was a clearer thinker because he had been a conscientious farm steward. Christian monasticism here failed to apply one of its own most cherished principles—'Non stupor, sed Amor.' Why? There were gaps in its inheritance and transmission of ideals, and this was one. Christianity idealised the chief products of the peasant culture, bread and wine; but it did not, as Hellenism had so nobly and beautifully done, idealise the processes. Thus opening the door to an element of idolatry, it left the adolescent exposed in his moral quest to a crop of temptations (*i.e.*, evil dreams), and liable on his intellectual quest to a host of

fallacies (*i.e.*, logical attempts to justify temptations). It is partly because 'Stupor' has for ages so generally precluded even the possibility of 'Amor,' that Christian civilisation in the peasant communities of England, while it has produced one Roger Bacon and one Francis Bacon, has been so much more prolific of Chaw-Bacon, both in village and town.

XXI

It was amongst the assemblage of picked youths at the Monastic College of Clonard, where Columba, at the age of twenty-five, closed his student life, that he met the friends by whose cohesion into a like-minded group, the individual quest of adolescence developed into the collective mission of manhood. This group of young men, being Irishmen and monks, had their heads full of dreams; and their pockets of little but their own poems.

This richness of dream-life, and the habit of carrying dream into deed, imagery and idea into practice, is what distinguishes from the rest of mankind, the saint, the criminal, and the vicious. How far there is any organic difference between the saint on the one hand, and the criminal and the vicious on the other, we do not know. The saints have often said they did not. We suspect some of our good eugenists as yet know too little of either tendency. What we do know is that there is a difference in their social inheritance of ideals, their effective inheritance that is, of course. Give a boy the Roman Hadrian for a hero, and he may become a great organiser of peace. Give him the

English Charles II, and if he escapes being profligate it is by a miracle of grace. Being shepherd boys brought up in the love of David and his psalms, Columba and his fellow students would, in the period of their *Wanderjahr*, physical and intellectual, pass by an easy transition into hero-worship of St Paul, the tentmaker, of caravan traditions and missionary ideals. Columba, we are told, deliberately trained himself on the Pauline model. Thus were the defects of David made good by the qualities of Paul. For David, though he started valiantly on his quest and slew Goliath, yet failed to conquer the unspeakable dragon; and he never bethought him at all of a mission, till it was too late in life; and when there was only time to bequeath it to his successor.

A legend tells in characteristic fashion of the conversion of Columba when a boy with his first teacher :—

‘His guardian angel often appeared to him; and the child asked if all the angels in heaven were as young and shining as he. A little later Columba was asked by the same angel to choose among all the virtues those which he would like best to possess. “I choose,” said the youth, “chastity and wisdom,” and immediately three young girls of wonderful beauty, but seeming not to be of that country, appeared to him, and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned, and repulsed them with indignation. “What!” they said; “then thou dost not know us?” “No, not the least in the world.” “We are three sisters whom our father gives to thee to be thy brides.” “Who, then is your father?” “Our Father is God, He is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of the world.” “Ah, you have indeed an illustrious Father. But what are your names?” “Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy; and we come to leave thee no more, to love thee with an incorruptible love.”’

XXII

As seen typically in a case like this, conversion means to the psychologist, the first clear glimpse of an ideal with the accompanying emotional ecstasy, and it is therefore a normal, and may even be an oft-repeated, experience of adolescence. The sociologist, on the other hand, is interested in observing and regulating the sources from which are derived the ideas and images of perfection, that fuse and unify into an ideal for the adolescent. The mediæval monks were admirable psychologists; and if they were not so good as sociologists, that is partly because they were more interested in the making of history, than in recording or generalising it.

Columba's ideals of Purity and Wisdom were pertinent to the adolescent phase, because they are normative ideals, determining the type and quality of personality aspired to. And, a wise selection of such ideals having been made, the best which monkish or other preceptor can do for the youth who is converted (using that word in the proper religious sense) is to give him a blessing and start him out upon his quest: he must have his own adventures and explorations. At the time of Columba, the monks had not come to the idea of sending the converted adolescent out as a mounted policeman dedicated to the service of the Virgin Mother, with a warrant for the rebuke of all unrighteous, lewd, and heathenish persons. Still less had they thought out that further refinement of the Quest in which the adventuring searcher should be both monk and knight in one. But the

moral necessity of the advance from the personal Quest to the social Mission was understood and provided for.

The Pauline form of mission and the Pauline ideal of a Community linked not by Law but by Love, had special grounds of appeal to the Irish. It continued and developed pastoralist traditions in a way particularly applicable to clan customs. The caravan form of attack, as necessarily also that of the clans, is a swift and sudden descent—preferably upon the rich cities of law-abiding property owners. That was the Pauline form of mission: a spiritual raid. St Peter, the fisherman and stern nautical disciplinarian, was the organiser of congregations and the founder of a hierarchised priesthood. St Paul, the contemplative but passionate traveller, was the deliverer of a burning message—the shepherd's doctrine of love, the shepherd's philosophy of history.

XXIII

THE main psychological and sociological discoveries made by sheep-educated men, and unified by Paul as a doctrine of redemption, were:—

(1) We inherit a tradition of evils which weighs as a burden on each of us. ('The burden of sin into which we are born.')

(2) There is also awaiting us in this life an ideal world in which the spirit is delivered from its burden. ('We have an inheritance in Christ.') ('We are heirs of God through Christ.') ('God's promise to Abraham.')

(3) This ideal world may be entered, by always

acting as if we loved our neighbour as ourselves. ('Let all that ye do be done in love.') ('Love is the fulfilling of the Law of God.')

(4) Awake to a belief in the ideal state, and you will achieve it. ('Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.') ('By grace ye are saved through faith.')

(5) The reality of your belief is tested by such sympathy with sufferers, that you willingly seek and joyfully take on their burdens. ('Who is weak and I am not weak, who is scandalized and I am not on fire.') ('Take ye on one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.') ('Faith worketh by Love.')

(6) Belief in this ideal of a spiritual community makes a closer tie than kinship or sex, and obliterates all social and racial barriers. ('There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ.')

(7) Believers in this ideal state alone are free. ('The liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.')

(8) This ideal is inherited independently of family or race. The believers are the real aristocracy. ('Ye that are of the faith, the same are the children of Abraham.')

(9) A community that believes in this ideal has no need of laws; but everyone should pay his taxes and obey the laws of his country. ('If ye be led of the spirit, ye are not under the law.') ('The law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth.')

(10) Jerusalem is any city built by a community of believers. ('Jerusalem which is above us is free, which is the mother of us all.')

It would define the sociological status of St Paul, to say that he generalised Jerusalem; and to generalise dynamic truth is to democratise moral power and privilege. St Paul's generalisation transformed a cumbersome body of esoteric truths into a magic tool for all the world to use. Thereafter every one could—under certain conditions—be his own saint; every city, every village, might be its own Jerusalem. The ideal of the saint, and the Utopia of the holy city, had become common human assets, for the secret of the process was revealed. The general social inheritance was enriched to that extent.

XXIV

THE Pauline doctrine and ideals, already transmitted through three or four generations from senescent monk to adolescent novice, had, before the time of Columba, wrought great changes in Ireland. The formal distinction of a half pastoral clan society, is that the relations of members to one another and to their chiefs, are personal and moral rather than economic and political: in other words, are 'spiritual' rather than 'temporal.' Hence the adaptability of such a society to the spiritual type of community upheld in the Pauline ideal. And, with the custom already set in for clan chiefs to become abbots, with the clansmen grouped round in a loose monastic formation, Ireland was obviously on the way to a unique experiment in spiritual government. To the many varieties of Christians which Professor Bosanquet enumerates (there are, he says, Hebraic Christians, Hellenic

Christians, Roman Christians, Pagan Christians, and even Christian Christians), there should be added mediæval Irish Christians; albeit, at best, we hasten to say, rather as a special variety of the last-named group. An interesting Irish variation, and one which doubtless facilitated the absorption and transmission of Pauline ideals, was the custom of the 'Anmchara.' In the usage of the Celtic Church, confession was made to the abbot, not in private but 'in the presence of all,' and the abbot enjoined penance and gave absolution. But for positive guidance in thought and conduct, every one looked to his Anmchara, his 'soul-friend,' henceforth far closer even than the foster-brother from which this rarely ideal kinship of the spirit so obviously comes, in due pastoral evolution. As spiritual guardian, the soul-friend would mediate between the individual and the stock of ideals of which he was an heir, but not a possessor, until due preparation had done its work upon him. So general was this custom, that a popular maxim, possibly of the time of St Bridget (a generation before Columba), declares that 'a man without a soul-friend is like a body without a head.'

Under the Pauline regime, the half pastoral, half free-booting clans were being gradually broken in, to a life of labour and of peace, and to the idea that a clansman of an adjacent valley was a neighbour to be respected, even loved, rather than an enemy to be pillaged; and the continuance and extension of this Pauline work of regeneration in Ireland constituted, in fact, the first mission of St Columba and his collegian associates.

During this mission phase of his life, Columba founded not less than thirty-seven churches in

Ireland, most of them with monastic institutions attached. Some of these, such as Durrow and Kells, became famous as centres of Art and Learning for the western world. The illuminated copy of the Gospels made at Kells (now in Trinity College, Dublin) is by general consent, the most elaborately beautiful book in the world. It is later in date of execution than Columba, though a legend attributes it to his pen.

XXV

ANOTHER member of the Columban group—Comgall—founded an even larger number of churches. Another, St Brendan, also founded monasteries, but first of all he became haunted and possessed by the old Mediterranean dream of an island paradise in the far western ocean. And, like a well-trained monk, he rested not from the quest of transmuting his dream into deed. He became a sailor-monk, and made a series of daring voyages westwards into the Atlantic, being once gone into the strange world of waters for full seven years. There is evidence, as a fact, that he penetrated as far as the Canaries. Transmuted through legend and history, his quest became a part of the rich inheritance of ideals that was to inspire a still greater dreamer. 'I am convinced,' wrote Columbus, 'that the terrestrial paradise is in the island of St Brendan, which no man can reach, save by the will of God.' Through this line of transmission, the sixth century visionary, St Brendan, thus persists as a living force of our own times. For he thus enters into the composition of that first patron

saint of America, whose effective Triad to-day is, it has been perspicuously remarked, so curiously parallel to the English one named above, St Columbus, St Washington, and, alas—St Buncombe. Let the Americans cultivate the Brendan strain in their stock, and they will discover the cause and the cure of their unvisionary restlessness, which is the malady of a questless people—that is, a people whose ideals are arrested at the adolescent stage. Vacillation begins where vision ends. The American type, so far from being the most modern and ‘unique’ (as their journalists claim), is one of the oldest and commonest. It proliferates ubiquitously. It reappears in every social group throughout history. The Columban specimen was one Cormac, a member of the little brotherhood which started out from the monastery of Clonard on the quest-mission of converting Ireland to Pauline ideals. Cormac adventured out bravely with the others, but arrest overtook him at the initial stage of the quest. In fact, his life went in looking for a suitable spot for a monastery! His disease was what monastic therapeutics knew and treated under the name ‘Babylonian Malady’—rediscovered by recent psychology as the general disease of adolescence and called *Dementia praecox*.

XXVI

COLUMBA’S biographers have expended much pains and ingenuity in explaining his exile from Ireland to Iona. The bloody battle of Culdremhne was doubtless in part due to Columba’s resentment and vindictiveness. Hence arose the theory of his

excommunication and banishment to a heathen land, with the imposed penance of converting to Christianity a soul for every man slain at the battle of Culdremhne. This need not be disputed. But it takes many causes to make one event. Columba at this period was no longer a shepherd boy, but neither was he yet a saint. He had passed into the forties and was closing a period of life that had been, and normally is, full of activity. With what happens at such a juncture to the ordinary middle-aged man who has had neither a Quest nor a Mission, we are not here concerned; but that he is an irretrievably lost soul Paul hinted, Augustine demonstrated, and Calvin confirmed. But even the man who has enjoyed the discipline of a Quest and a Mission, is not necessarily saved. There is at every critical life-stage a Siege Perilous, with its tempting invitation to those whose special merits make them an object of the devil's desire. The siege perilous of the mature knight is the cushioned armchair of comfort, allotted to the virtuous. Columba doubtless at this period of his life detected himself falling into the habit of putting off his slippers later in the morning and putting them on earlier in the evening. He detected himself talking to the brethren less of their future and more of his past. He detected himself stealing more and more of the working day for his dreams. But here his monastic training came to his rescue. The monastery was above all else a regulator of dreams. This it effected by its regimen and its ritual of the day, of the week, of the season, of the year, and of the life cycle. Taking over those primal pastoral institutions—the Quest, the Mission, and the Pilgrimage—Monasticism refined and

adapted these as specialised correctives of the tendency to fall into excessive subjectivity, which is the besetting sin of man at each of the three great crises of his life cycle. The remedy consisted in giving the patient an increase of objective images, by sending him out to observe and travel in a new world, and to labour therein for a new ideal, one chosen in appropriate adjustment to the age, the powers, and the previous training and record of the patient.

XXVII

THE pilgrimage to Rome was a journey at once of discipline and of stimulus to a holy city. But Rome, we have to remember, was made holy not so much by the Pope living there, as by St Peter dying there. The Pope was but the custodian of Peter's tomb, and the pilgrims' conduit of Petrine ideals. And when the conduit became choked, as it recurrently did, with the golden garbage of the Vatican, the papal spell ceased to work. As Innocent III was one day watching the papal coffers being filled with the gold of Peter's pence, he remarked to Thomas Aquinas, 'Passed are the days when the chief Pontiff had to say, "Silver and gold have I none."' 'Yes, Holy Father,' replied St Thomas, 'and passed are the days when the chief Pontiff could say, "Arise and walk!"' The papal miracle worked just so far as the Pope could transmit the ideal that awoke and inflamed the heart of the pilgrim. If it failed, and the disappointed pilgrim was no amiable senescent, but that adolescent firebrand Martin Luther (who made

his pilgrimage to Rome at the age of twenty-eight, youthful still, for the ablest,) what wonder that he should return home with the idea that made the Reformation—to every Region its own Rome. The supply of holy cities, to be sure, still remains limited; but the truth in the Lutheran doctrine is that every place where an ideal is evoked is made holy thereby.

Two of the greatest of historic pilgrimages were made within the walls of a jail—Bunyan's fourteen years' pilgrimage to the City Celestial and Campanella's twenty-seven years' flight to the City of the Sun. Between these and the Sunday afternoon walk of the quiet suburban business man to his mother's resting-place in the neighbouring cemetery, there are many varieties of pilgrimage, objective and subjective. But there is one which may be taken as the arch-type of them all, so perfectly does it symbolise the quintessential character of the pilgrimage. Historians, unless also something of poets, are apt to misunderstand the significance of events. And so we need not take the historians quite at their word, when they tell us it was merely penance for the murder of the Red Comyn that prompted the dying Bruce to commit his heart to be carried on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land by his soul-son Douglas. Rather let us look at it as the consummating act of what had become increasingly a heroic life, symbolic of its unity, and therefore holy. Here is the senescent, now selfless, making his symbolic sacrifice, and transmitting to posterity his ideals, through its emotional impulse, given to his picked and trained successor. This vicarious pilgrimage, of an old man's disembodied heart, initiating the mission of a successor, has

often seemed to critical spirits almost too beautifully symbolic of the mode of social inheritance to be historical. But the discovery of Bruce's skeleton, disinterred last century at Dunfermline Abbey, established the literal truth of the record. Nature, as Aristotle remarked, is not episodic like a bad tragedy. She is, indeed, always moving towards a romantic *denouement*. Her successive failures to reach that climax make up the history of idealism.

XXVIII

WHERE did Robert the Bruce get his ideals? He certainly had a poor stock to start with. His wife, with unerring conjugal insight, described him in his early days as 'a summer night.' There were three phases in his career. His vacillating, because questless, youth ended at thirty, his father's death then awaking him to the need of spiritual guidance. He had the good sense to put himself in the hands of Bishop Lamberton, of St Andrews, who had been the spiritual guide of Wallace. The bishop made a man and an idealist of Bruce by sending him out to continue and complete Wallace's mission of liberation: one of the greatest of missions, because it preserved the most precious indigenous possession of Western Europe—its stock of Celtic ideals—against the obliterating hands of Anglo-Norman pirates, who did not enter these things in their loot-inventories of Domesday Books, and would have destroyed them without a sense of loss. The third phase of Bruce's career was a brief senescence of pious and constructive statesmanship, of which the best feature was his training of true

spiritual successors like Douglas; and the worst, his common paternal failure to see that one of these was his proper heir in the kingship. The last lust of the flesh is its inability to distinguish between organic descent and social inheritance; its perpetually repeated refusal to recognise that ideals are transmitted by the spirit and not by the body.

If we ask whence, in turn, Bishop Lamberton, of St Andrews, derived the ideals with which he inspired Bruce, we are on the way back to Iona, with which St Andrews is in direct filiation, having received its ecclesiastical foundation from the Columban monastery of Iona, probably in the lifetime of Columba and possibly by the saint himself. Next to Iona itself, St Andrews is the most venerable culture-capital of Scotland. And to say the names of these—Iona and St Andrews—is to resume the spiritual history of that country, to which the things of the spirit have perhaps meant more than to any other in Western Europe. These have been the twin citadels of Scottish idealism.

XXIX

THE early Christian biographers of Columba account for Iona as the place of his exile by the fact that, as he sailed away north-east from Derry (Londonderry), Iona was the first island from which his beloved Ireland could not be seen; and at Iona, therefore, he was dispensed from the visual temptation to return to his native land. That, maybe, was one of the disciplinary elements in his pilgrimage. The early Christian biographers, however, omit to record, or pass lightly over, the fact

that Columba was not the first apostle of culture—even, perhaps, of Christian culture—to settle in Iona. There is evidence to show that Iona was one of the holy places of Druidic tradition, and that the two ‘bishops,’ whom Columba found established there, were half-Christianised Druids. The situation and configuration of the island designed it for that combination of cemetery and observatory, which made the first temples of primitive pastoral and peasant peoples. A coastline combining the perfection of bold, rocky cliffs and gently sloping beaches, with miniature natural harbours; a few square miles of forest (now wholly cleared) and pasture (now largely choked with weeds); a central plain, gently rising out of the sea and broken by two eminences, a minor one crowned by a circle of stones (the primitive Druidic cemetery and sanctuary—now all disappeared), and the other a conical hill, 330 feet in height and of easy and rapid accessibility from the plain to the summit, from which is presented, to north, south and east, an almost incomparable panorama of ever-changing sea and sky, mountain and moor, and to the west the unbroken horizon of the ocean, expectant of the setting sun; *these* are the geographical characteristics of Iona, which a priest of contemporary geography (writing in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) calls ‘its deficiency in natural features of special interest.’ The priests of primitive science presumably found it otherwise. The hill of Iona was apparently one of those natural observatories where generations of patriarchs, under the alternating stimulus of observing the heavens and meditating by the graves of the dead, developed traditions eventuating on the one hand in the

practical astronomical discoveries of years, seasons, months, &c., and on the other in the elemental religious symbolisms, which relate Man to Nature. The name Iona distinguishes it from the innumerable other islands of Scoto-Irish seas, for it means *the island*. Amongst the Scottish Highlanders it has been known as 'the island of the Druids.'

Thus it is clear that in going to Iona Columba was making a pilgrimage in which there were evocatory elements both cosmic and human; the one of deep natural intensity and the other of remote tradition. The antagonism between Celtic Christianity and Celtic Druidism was, as always between the outgoing and incoming faith, more a matter of terminology and ceremonial than of spirit and ideal. And, in any case, the call of Iona was perhaps quite as much to Columba the bard as to Columba the monk.

How stimulating was the evocatory appeal of Iona to Columba, is disclosed in his thirty-four years of labours in Scotland. What, then, did Columba do in Iona? He did what the active type of monk aspired everywhere to do. It is true that the active type of monk has not been familiarised to our Protestant imaginations as some other types, which lent themselves more readily to the purposes of moral or theological brickbat-throwing. At best we know, and pass by with commiseration, such innocuous examples of the passive type as St Peter of Alcantara, who lived many years in a Carmelite monastery without knowing whether the oratory had a carved oak roof or a plain ceiling. But the good man Peter, when all is said, is merely the monk arrested at the quest stage, and the extreme form of him is called a hermit. The normal

monk, however, had a different end, if not different objects. He eventuated in the abbot, who, in the Celtic order of monastery, was both a secular and a regular—a bishop and an abbot in one. The ideal of the Celtic abbot was to be at once a priest and a philosopher, a statesman and an educator. It was his task and his ambition to transform his region into a heaven on earth. His monastic settlement he aspired to build into a city dispensing with both the policeman and the lawyer. In fact, he anticipated a modern sociologist in the discovery of Eutopia.

Columba's work in Iona looked to the care both of the place and the people. He conserved the forest. He introduced the culture of fruit trees and of bees, and improved the stock of the island. He shortened the time between seed-time and harvest. He organised the fishing and navigation. He drained the bog between the observatory and the cemetery hills, dammed up the water in a lake and ran it down the ravine to turn the millwheel of his monastery. The piety of moderns has 'restored' the post-Columban cathedral, and likewise the bog. He tended the sick, comforted the afflicted, admonished and advised the erring, and was a holy and wholesome terror to evil-doers. He took special pains to exclude from his island citadel all persons of bad character. But the chief purpose of the island monastery was to train the successive bands of missionary monks who sallied forth—often with Columba at their head—into the islands and mainland of Pictish Scotland, and established therein a network of monastic settlements (*i.e.*, radiating foci of practical idealism) which owed allegiance to Iona and looked to it for inspiration.

XXX

THE pilgrimage to Iona was thus eminently successful in restoring to Columba the energy needed to correct the impending over-subjectivity of senescence. But the practical virtues do not make a saint. By what discipline of the body and by what thaumaturgy of the soul did Columba, that masterful and successful servant of God, eradicate his two besetting sins, of pride and vindictiveness? Until he had transformed the one into humility and the other into love, he could be no saint, if even saintly. This apparently he had not wholly achieved some ten years after he landed in Iona. It was then he made a journey to Ireland to attend the National Convention which reformed the Bardic order. In recognition of Columba's services, the chief bard composed a song in his honour, the flattery of which excited such visible self-satisfaction in Columba that one of his monks openly reproved him for a display of pride. Theologians were psychologists in those days; and we may believe the observing monk when he said he saw 'a sombre cloud of demons flying and playing round Columba's head.'

A defect—or at least a dangerous quality—in youth, humility, is an indispensable element in the sanctity of age; otherwise how could the saint pass that crucial test of universal love—the loving of those who despise and slight you? Because humility is so contrary to the nature of the male animal, ever a creature of display, the saint seeks its achievement as the final triumph of the spirit over the flesh.

Columba, it is said, could even in his old age, out-walk and outrun an ordinary man. He kept the body in perfect training. His muscles were the adequate servants of his will. That is the first condition of realising an ideal. In the transmutation of dream into deed, there is a dead point of inertia, to overcome which requires heroic effort. The ecstasy of feeling which the vision of the ideal produces, fades into the lethargy of inaction, unless there are tense muscles awaiting the command of the will, to carry the aspiration into act and make real the dream. It is now that juvenile gymnastics find their final justification and their supreme use. The muscular polish of the gymnasium, at first consciously sought as the ceremonial preparation for an adolescent quest to be presently adventured in the eyes of all comers, becomes servant at last to the strong will of the old man, determined to project his ideal into a reluctant world.

There is another primary bodily condition of idealism about which all the psychologists of sanctity are agreed. 'All the saints have entered upon the path of perfection by the mortification of the taste,' said St Leo. 'Whoso desires to make progress in perfection should begin by mortifying the taste,' said St Andrew Avelin. In the therapeutics of sanctity it is not the eye, the ear, the nose, the fingers that have to be mortified, but the palate. The impressions conveyed through the other senses have to be controlled and cultivated, those of taste all but eliminated. No more cakes and ale for the good monk who has proceeded to sainthood! And concurrently with this mortification of taste, there develops an increased keenness of the other senses. St Augustine would only eat out of a silver spoon.

St Philip Neri could never bring himself to drink out of any but his own particular glass. Both these instances are of course refinements of tact—of an exquisite sense of cleanliness become spiritual—not of mere taste. St Francis was so ravished by music as to become unconscious of pain. St Bernardine of Siena was herself so responsive to the pure joy of flowers, and so believed in their religious value, that she made a ritual of distributing flowers gathered by her own hand. A tender and intense sensibility is the leading psychic characteristic of sanctity. St Bernard could not attend a stranger's funeral without shedding tears. The tenderness of the typical saint to animals and children is too well known to need illustration.

Alike in the mortification of his taste and in his cultivation of, and responsiveness to, other sensuous impressions, such as music and scenery, Columba was a typical saint. In Iona he maintained his bodily activity at its optimum, on a diet of oat-cakes, barley scones, and spring water. The poverty of his diet was compensated by the richness of the impressions he daily absorbed from the music of the liturgy, and from sky and sea as he walked the shore or climbed the high hill to see the sun setting in the western ocean. The poems attributed to him well show his appreciativeness of Nature. One (with manifest Druidical leanings) begins :

‘Alone am I on the mountain,
O royal sun ; prosper my path,
And then I shall have nothing to fear.

Another, said to be an early poem of his mission days in Ireland, when for a time he was cut off from sight of the sea :

Delightful would it be to me to be in Uchd Ailiun
 On the pinnacles of a rock
 That I might often see
 The face of the ocean;
 That I might see its heaving waves
 Over the wide ocean,
 When they chant music to their Father
 Upon the world's course;
 That I might see its level sparkling strand,
 It would be no cause of sorrow;
 That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,
 Source of happiness;
 That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves
 Upon the rocks;
 That I might hear the roar by the side of the church
 Of the surrounding sea;
 That I might see its noble flocks
 Over the watery ocean.

To the regularity of routine, upon which modern hygienists so much insist as the secret of productivity, monastic hygiene added other vital conditions. These were prayer, ritual of worship, systematised alternation of cloistered dream and active deed, and finally the continual presence of an ideal, acknowledged as essentially trophic—*i.e.*, not only as a source of impulse, but literally as sustenance of the soul. Columba, it is said, prayed two hundred times a day. Most of these invocations of the ideal were not vocal but mental prayers—*i.e.*, silent concentrations of the mind upon an ideal ardently desired. This process of self-culture has been rediscovered by modern hypnotism as auto-suggestion. There is, however, this difference between the mediæval abbot and the modern hypnotist—that the former, if not a master of the process, yet was a competent journeyman, while the latter is hardly more than a fumbling apprentice. Suggestion and auto-suggestion can serve effectively

as instruments for the higher education of the mind, just so far as they are utilised to build up a type of character adjusted to a social order which has the sanction and the impulse of accredited ideals. Lacking an integrated system of ideals personal, social, historical, and even cosmic (for man is a part of Nature), the hypnotists and all the other fragmentary specialists of mental hygiene are like a group of blind masons building a house without a plan, and stopping every now and then to call for an architect, who is not there. And—to push the metaphor further—to expect that routine can replace ritual is to assume that the blind masons will build the house and a cathedral also.

XXXI

GIVEN a certain inheritance of ideals, given an inherited ritual and symbolism (the spiritual block and tackle of life), given Iona with its situation, natural features, and its implied round of daily occupations—given all these, Columba was able in his old age to simultaneously re-make himself and make a social order congruent with his personality. To state the process accurately, one has to say that Iona and its monastic family made Columba, and Columba—himself inheriting, developing, and transmitting the ideals of Celtic Christianity—made Iona and its monastic family.

In the following picture from Adamnan, illustrative of the inter-relations of Columba and his monks, the details may be taken as literal transcription of actual emotions :

‘During one of the last summers of his life, the monks, returning in the evening from reaping the scanty harvest

of their island, stopped short as they approached the monastery, suddenly touched with strange emotion. The steward of the monastery, Baithen, the friend and future successor of Columba, asked them, "Are you not sensible of something very unusual here?" "Yes," said the oldest of the monks, "every day at this hour and place I breathe a delicious odour, as if all the flowers in the world were collected here. I feel also something like the flame of the hearth, which does not burn but warms me gently; I experience, in short, in my heart a joy so unusual, so incomparable, that I am no longer sensible of either trouble or fatigue. The sheaves which I carry on my back, though heavy, weigh upon me no longer; and I know not how, from this spot to the monastery, they seem to be lifted from my shoulders. What, then, is this wonder?" All the others gave the same account of their sensations. "I will tell you what it is," said the steward; "it is our old master, Columba, always full of anxiety for us, who is disturbed to find us so late, who vexes himself with the thought of our fatigue, and who, not being able to come to meet us with his body, sends us his spirit to refresh, rejoice, and console us."

Here we have a picture of a social order, which, of its type, is relatively perfect. The old abbot's love for his monks is so real, so wonder-working, as to impart to them that joyous energy of the spirit, which works without fatigue, and experiences without suffering. When he did not accompany them at their labours in the fields, Columba himself performed the menial office of washing the brethren's feet on their return to the monastery. It is not hard to believe that this duty, built into a habit by thirty years' practice, went a long way towards curing Columba of his pride.

For the psychologist, pride and humility are alike responses to stimulus, repeated into habit, hardened into character; in short, they become fixed as in the trained animal, albeit upon a higher

scale of life, and with widening range. The saint is a person who by practice has got the response and habit of humility to an unusual degree of perfection: he differs from practised musician and bard in that he has for audience, just God and himself. His image of perfection is, therefore, always a Sunday ahead of him. For on that day of physical rest and psychic stimulus the cerebrum of the saint reintegrates its power after the experimental strivings of the week; and the resulting vision of a higher perfection makes the sabbatical day a holy one. The ideal is therefore unattainable, simply because it is always being pushed in front of him, by the practising idealist.

The aphorism of Pascal that 'man is neither an angel nor a beast, and the misfortune is that he who tries to make an angel makes a beast,' is too much the despairing lament of the literary dyspeptic, who cannot recuperate on the seventh day, because he has not worked adequately on the previous six. The shepherd psalmist naturally made a different generalization: 'It is but lost labor that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of care; for He giveth to his beloved in sleep.'

XXXII

HUMILITY and all the other virtues of the saint are but preliminary to the culminating quality—the supreme secret of sanctity—love. And that here, too, the process is one of approximating attainment by the infinite gradations of cumulative practice, there is an overwhelming mass of biographical evi-

dence to show. Love, to revert to the sure ground if vulgar phrase of psycho-physiology, is the prize trick of Nature's pet animal. Sarasate, when asked the secret of his success, replied, 'Practising six hours a day since twelve years of age.' If it takes that to make a first-rate fiddler, need it be wondered that one can only become a perfect lover by practising all day, every day of a long life. Sanctity is the perfecting of love by a lifetime of willing (*i.e.*, heroic practising) to see oneself in others. 'He to-day, I to-morrow' (*ille hodie, ego cras*) is the maxim of the saint in face of every sort of evil-doer. It was the compassion which pardons because it understands, that made St Bernardine of Siena visit a murderer in his cell and spend the night before his execution with his head resting on her breast. Act as though you loved your neighbour, and the love will come—that was the saint's impelling idea, now being recovered by contemporary psychology as a theory of the emotions, though like many of the other recent discoveries of psychology, it is in Kant, who, in the *Metaphysic of Ethic*, says we must do good to our fellows not because we love them, but in order that we may love them. The corresponding sociology was summed in St Catherine's phrase, 'Our neighbours are given us to prove our love of God.'

Love, like the blacksmith's arm, is made by practice. But it differs from all other exercise, in that it is of the whole body and soul. The will to love is the will to grow holy, *i.e.*, to integrate into sanctity and stand righteous towards every human and divine relation. Hence the practice of love is without the defects of the specialisms, whose virtue implies a forgetting and a neglect. It has its own

qualities, and these are extraordinary. It knows not fatigue. 'We tire of thinking, and we tire of acting, but we never tire of loving,' said a modern saint unrecognised by Rome. 'Love feeleth no burden, thinking nothing of labours, would willingly do more than it can, complaineth not of impossibility, because it conceiveth that it may and can do all things.' St Thomas à Kempis, in saying this, was uttering neither platitude nor poetry. He was simply generalising the concrete, common experience of the saintly life.

The association of sanctity with sadness, is an illusion fostered by an age which confuses happiness with pleasure, and suffering with pain. On the contrary, the saints of history and of fact have been masters of a serene happiness. Their thaumaturgy of the soul, while it turned base suffering into shame, yet transmuted noble suffering into joy.* It is laid down in the papal ordinance on beatification that joy is an essential condition of sanctity. 'I fear,' wrote Teresa, 'nothing so much as to see my daughters lose this joy of the soul.'

The love of the saints is a creative force. It creates an idealised image of the self not in one other person (as does the profane lover), but in all other persons. A certain impulse and desire to live up to this ideal is, by the high contagious hypnot-

* The saints at times sought suffering, not, as many hagiographers seem to think, for its own sake, but because its intolerable torment drives a sensitive and unselfish nature to find the cause in a personal imperfection. Joy comes with the discovery of defect, the resolve to amend it, and the movement into a more exalted activity. The *elan* of a growing perfection is a by-product of suffering. It suggests an optimism of psychopathology.

ism of sanctity, imposed both on the saint and on all his circle. To many of the circle the desire is a burden to be evaded; to others it is a standard to strive after intermittently; to the saint it is a means of repeated rapturous ascents in the scale of being, and at each new-reached height he thrills to a vision of more evolved perfection coming into view. The explosive joy of attainment is but the liberation of energy to create a more exalted ideal. In the intervening period of rest, more material is absorbed from the ideals of the past by study, observation, meditation, and gentle exercise in good works. Progress in sanctity is thus by a series of ecstasies alternating with quiescent states. The state of 'mental prayer' which characterises the subjective life of the saint is of two kinds. There is the prayer of quiet, which in calm unconsciousness integrates memories and impressions of perfection into an ideal; and there is the prayer of rapturous mystical incorporation of the ideal. The state of mental prayer increasingly monopolises the dream-life of the saint. Suarez, who tried nobly but in vain to be a mediæval saint in the seventeenth century, divided his day into three equal parts. He took eight hours for work and study, eight hours for mental prayer, and eight hours for sleep, meals, and recreation.

> The mental prayer so prized by all the saints meant passive communion or active intercourse with the God who symbolised their own stock of ideals, inherited and personal. There is a pungent saying of Teresa that 'he who abandons mental prayer does not need devils to goad him to hell! He goes there of himself.' In other words, if you do not habitually dream of ideals you may be sure you are dreaming of vice.

XXXIII

OF Teresa herself, the essential miracle was that she cultivated the subjective life of dreams and prayer to a high degree of perfection, and was at the same time a laborious and conscientious housekeeper; a tender, solicitous, and cheerful mother of many daughters; the skilful administrator of a great endowment; the author of several remarkable books; the regenerator of not a few cities by establishing therein the requisite culture institutes; and, finally, in the midst of all these activities, she did not forget that statesmen and high ecclesiastics had periodic need of a woman's admonition and exhortation. The secret of her productivity lay, to some extent, in the multitude of priestly confessors she, to the scandal of the orthodox, summoned one after another to her confessional. Each confessor was, for her, a short cut to the inheritance of a new stock of ideals. That incorporation of the Past, which our philistine in the guise of practical reformer scouts as an encumbrance, but which the student laboriously seeks with midnight lamp—this the woman of intellect achieves through spiritual intimacy with picked men, in whose varying education and personality the ideals of the past survive. The magnitude and variety of Teresa's action were thus the fruit of a rich, noble and regulated dream-life, enriched by an exceptional incorporation of historic ideals, and unified by an exceptional personality. Her life is to be interpreted as a continuous progress in planning and constructing her own future, by more abundantly appropriating and turning to account the past of her order and her

race. All genuine Teresians of to-day, and they are many, scattered through Spain—still the most chivalrous of nations—and the Spanish Americas, inherit a noble equipment of ideals from the adorable woman whose worship they continue.

St Augustine is a good example of deliberate choice in the selection of an inheritance of ideals. After sampling most of the pagan philosophies which competed for the youthful minds of his day, he turned to a study of the apostles and martyrs who had developed and continued Christianity. These awoke in his heart a response of love, which re-created them as companions of his soul. He began audaciously, yet modestly, by asking himself: 'Why can I not imitate these?' With this impetus his life became an organized endeavour to inherit, to unify and develop, to transmit to posterity, that particular stock of ideals. His own experience qualified him to make the generalization, 'Parere Deo libertas est'—to choose your ideals from a study of the past is true freedom. The origin of the Jesuit order affords another example of a deliberate choice of ideals, exercising a great historical influence. The order owed its establishment to a volume of 'The Lives of the Saints' which fell into the hands of a young Spanish knight, wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and languishing on a bed of sickness. As he read of them, St Dominic and St Francis lived again in the love their deeds evoked in the young convalescent. On the vigil of the Feast of the Anunciation, the knight Loyola hung up his sword and his armour, and put on the cassock. The uncertain quest was ended, the definite mission had begun; he had found his ideal and his work. The next ten years of his

life were devoted to preparing himself for what eventuated in what has proved the greatest world-mission since the flight of Mahomet. The needed group of adolescents to help him initiate and organize the new order, Loyola found, naturally enough, in the University of Paris, ever the cosmopolis of bright adolescence.

XXXIV

LOVE, when it looks to the past, is re-creative; when it looks to the future, is creative. By the first miracle the ideals of the past live again; by the second they are unified in a new personality, implanted in the hearts of contemporaries, and transmitted to posterity. The body of the idealist is born; his soul is made. The world of matter is energetic, the world of life is demiurgic, but the saint creates for himself a world which is theurgic. The ideals of his personality, the heaven of his religion, become his real world. He laughs at decay, and almost triumphs over death. The saints die, loving, working, praying to the last moment. Columba is quite the typical saint in the manner of his death. He was in his cell making a transcription of the Psalter. He had got to Psalm xxxiii, and after writing the verse, 'Those who ask of the Lord shall want no good thing,' he laid down his pen and said, 'Let Baithen' (his nominated successor in the abbacy) 'finish the rest.' This was on a Saturday evening. He attended the vigil service of the church on Saturday night. Returning to his cell, he dictated to the brethren a last message of love and exhortation to peace and charity. When

the midnight bell called the monks to the matins of the Sunday festival, Columba rose, and, struggling into the church, got as far as the altar. There he sank, and raising his hand in blessing and 'turning his eyes to his children on either side with a look full of serene and radiant joy,' he expired. 'His hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips, and his face remained calm and sweet like that of a man who in his sleep has seen a vision of heaven.'

There is no need to doubt the facts. Innumerable other saints of more authentic record have achieved similar deaths. As the greatest of emperors died standing, so the saint dies kneeling. But, whether we accept the facts or not, let us agree in attributing the highest significance not to the historicity of the record, but to the imagination which pictures such a departure as an ideal. For such an image impelled by love can, in a particular *milieu*, create its own realisation and ensure its transmission to posterity. 'It is the property of love to change the soul into the thing which it loves' is one of the master axioms of hagiography.

XXXV

WHENCE comes the original impulse to the saintly love? That is a question for mothers. But meantime the sociologist has a start-point in seeing, in the poetic surge of adolescence, the urge of all the lovers, all the mothers, of the race. It was just here that the old religions took hold. It is just here that modern education lets go.

Aware that man is an altruist, just in so far as

he is a lover, the founders of the old religions utilised the exultation of love, as the very spring-board for religious idealism. Now the characteristics that mark off religious ideals are two. In the first place, the imagined and desiderated state of perfection is located in the remote future; *i.e.*, it is something not to have or to do, but to arrive at. And in the second place, a prolonged discipline of self-sacrifice is exacted as the price of achievement; it is the daily toll that must be paid by the traveller towards perfection. Whence were derived the ideas and the images which went to constitute the state of religious perfection? Where was found the emotional intensity that could unify these ideas and images into an ideal of irresistible compulsion?

Dante's Paradise was derived from many sources, only some of which we can distinctly trace. One of the known sources was the 'Vision' of that same St Brendan* who contributed to the inspiration of Columbus. But in its main elements and outlines it was taken from the 'Summa' of the great Dominican monk, whose synthesis again was built from innumerable visions of perfection, accumulated from countless generations of Christian and pre-Christian dreamers. In short, the heaven of the Christian as of other religions was the means by which the Future, as imagined by idealists of the past, determined the life of each passing generation of believers at the moment of awakening youth; and continued in many cases—supremely so in

* St Brendan was thus present not only at the discovery of America in the fifteenth, but also at the liberation of Italy in the nineteenth century; for the flooding of Italy with cheap editions of Dante was one of the spiritual factors in the Italian 'Risorgimento.'

Dante—to guide and condition their career. And whether it be the White Rose of Isis and the wisdom of Hermes, or the smile of Beatrice and the insight of St Bernard, that lift and guide the aspirant through the stages of the utopic world, it is always, in the great culture religions, the pure and beautiful woman and the venerable seer, who evoke and direct the latent idealism of youth. The hypnotism of sex is the moral agent of the cosmos for the transmission either of ideals or of sin. Whether it be efficient for the one or the other depends mainly on the previous education of the lovers; and hence the ritual of religion has been so largely directed to implanting in the minds of both sexes the image of an ideal lover. But here the educational problem had to be faced, that while it was not difficult to fall in love with this image, it was very difficult to continue in love with it. The solution attempted was to envelop the secular life with a religious life, which by a ritual synchronising with and symbolising the cosmic rhythm of night and day, month, season, year and cycle, committed the worshipper to a recurrent *elan* not dissimilar in its psychic values, to an almost unceasing falling in love. Therefore, with their success or their failure in harmonising their cosmic symbols and their human ideals, are associated the historic triumphs and downfalls of the culture religions. The greater their success the more complete was the social transmission of ideals, and therefore the more self-determining the society; the greater the freedom of the individual because the more complete his action in transmuting dream into deed.

The grand generalisation of St Bernard, 'Love is the lever of the Soul,' means, in the language here

used, that the evolution of idealism in the race is paralleled in the individual by the cultivation of love as a means of transmitting and developing the racial ideals.

Through the adoration of an idealised woman, the youth of one generation may have their lives adjusted to the requirements of the next in succession. But, transmitted through the venerable seer, ideals may shape a generation towards adjustment to a remote future. The prestige of the prophet at once loved and venerated gives him a power of suggestion capable of realising, in the conduct of his disciples and their successors, certain ideals by the mere prediction of them as coming events.

The love which the saint evokes is thus creative of souls in the pattern of his ideal. The designation of the aged Columba as 'Commander of Souls' (*animarum dux*) describes his type with literal accuracy. There was a normal use of prophecy by the saints, which was not merely to foresee but also to create the conditions of its own fulfilment. By his visions the saint foresaw, by his prophecies he performed his miracles. Thus the day before his death Columba used the remnants of his strength to climb to the top of the Hill of Angels. And from there, looking out over the whole island, he lifted up his hands to pronounce this prophetic benediction : 'This little spot so small and low shall be greatly honoured, not only by the Scots kings and people, but also by foreign chiefs and barbarous nations ; and it shall be venerated even by the saints of other Churches.' This was no boastful prediction ; but an expression of Columba's proper determination to ensure the transmission of his ideals to posterity, as well as a consciousness of

their significance, a serene assurance of their success.

For long centuries after Columba's death, Iona was the most venerated sanctuary of North-Western Europe. The pilgrimages to Iona, which ceased with the Reformation, were resumed by Dr Johnson, whose saying has been so often quoted : 'That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Dr Johnson paid the memory of Columba the compliment of sailing those seas in a fishing-boat, and encountering storms, of which one nearly killed Boswell with fright and sickness. The contemporary pilgrim takes the steamer from Oban if the day happens to be fine. Otherwise he sacrifices, not unwillingly, that particular coupon and resumes his circular tour on the mainland.

XXXVI

THERE never perhaps has been in Europe, in the past two thousand years, so much travel of the man of leisure, so little by the man who works with his hands—so few pilgrimages, so many futile missions.

But what if all this movement, so largely aimless, misdirected, and misguided, be itself a groping for ideals ! The uplooking love of youth does still idealise the maiden of its choice, and so continues the ideal of the Holy Family ; the outlooking love of the adult does here and there prolong the romance of life into public service, and so continues the ideal of the Holy Record ; the far-looking love of old age does sometimes still achieve the complete detach-

ment of sanctity, and continues the ideal of the Holy Place by interment in Westminster Abbey. What then is the matter? Why does the National Portrait Gallery grow so slowly? Why have the walls and windows of the village church, once the regional portrait gallery, all but ceased to add to their roll of saints and heroes? Why are the asylums and the prisons so numerous and so continuously filled with those who have determined their lives not by their ideals, but by their temptations? Why are the cities so crowded with soulless beings, whose lives are determined neither by their ideals nor their temptations, but by the inconsiderate tasks thrust upon them by the god Mammon, masquerading as Economic Necessity?

For the cause of the malady we must look to the prevailing incompleteness in the transmission of ideals. Is it not symptomatic of our time, that Montalembert's appreciation of the romance of Columba's life should have offended the historical specialist who wrote the chapter on Columba, in that Bible of Contemporary Science, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*? The encyclopædic biographer, in the warmth of his resentment, departs from the colourless correctitude of the encyclopædic style in order to opine of Montalembert's picture, 'it has every merit, except that of likeness to the original.' Probably this encyclopædic Historian had no Geography, as presumably the encyclopædic Geographer, whom we have seen writing on Iona in the same sacred book, had no History. How indeed can science expect to understand religion, so long as geography and history are divorced, since geography is the synthesis of the natural sciences

and history the synthesis of the human sciences? Religion deals with phenomena as holy, *i.e.*, in their totality, and scientific study of it can therefore only be approached by the converging paths of History and Geography. History proper recounts the origin and development, the decay and the re-birth of ideals, and in the measure that it does this for all peoples at all times it becomes a Synthetic (*i.e.*, a Holy) Record. Geography may hope to become synthetic also when it gets to the mapping of Holy Places. A great historian has said that 'Geography is the other eye of History.' When History and Geography,* the two synthetic sciences are reunited in our seats of learning, our seers will again acquire the binocular vision. And not until then can we expect them to foresee and provide new Quests for our young men, new Missions for our adults, and old Pilgrimages for themselves.

XXXVII

WHAT is the treatment for the social malady thus diagnosed? That is a different problem, but one not so impossible perhaps as it seems. The hopeful factor is that there is always an oncoming crop of uncontaminated adolescents ready to be awakened to the inheritance of ideals. Postulate in every normal adolescent a potentiality of altruistic growth continuous throughout the life cycle. Postulate the

*To prevent misunderstanding of these much-abused words—History and Geography—let it be noted in illustration of the sense in which they are here to be construed, that Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' is one of the inspired Books of Geography, and that Shelley's Dramatic Poems were but the preparation for a Book of Systematic History which he designed but did not live to execute.

saint as no fossil, but a type evolving towards such perfected altruism. The question then arises, Can we cultivate varieties of this type which shall have the qualities and not the defects of the mediæval saints? Of the conditions of such cultivation, some, we have endeavoured to show, are known. They are these. The awakening of love for known types of personality; labour under known and worthy conditions; discipline by known spiritual exercises; incorporation of known ideals. Let us then apply these principles in educational practice if we would evoke, develop, and utilise the latent idealism of adolescence. Let us send our youths to tend sheep on the hill pastures; let them sow and reap with the peasant in the valley; let them plough the seas with the captains courageous of the fishing fleet; let them range the forest with Artemis (who was the woodman's daughter); let them cut stones with the quarryman; let them build with the masons in the city; let them cultivate flowers with Persephone (herself the corn-mother's child). Throughout this novitiate, let them also be exercised with all the available uplifts of science and history, of learning and thought, of art and religion, of love and fellowship. Thus for each place and people, and at their deepest and highest, their own regional heritage may again be combined with that of the world.

For in the meeting of the Heritage of the Past with the Ideal of the Future, there ever arises the glow and light of a truly vital Present.

As this union and incorporation of ideals becomes more complete, their expression will also be renewed—through the Quests of Youth, the Missions of Maturity, the Pilgrimages of Age; and even to the renewal of Saintship.

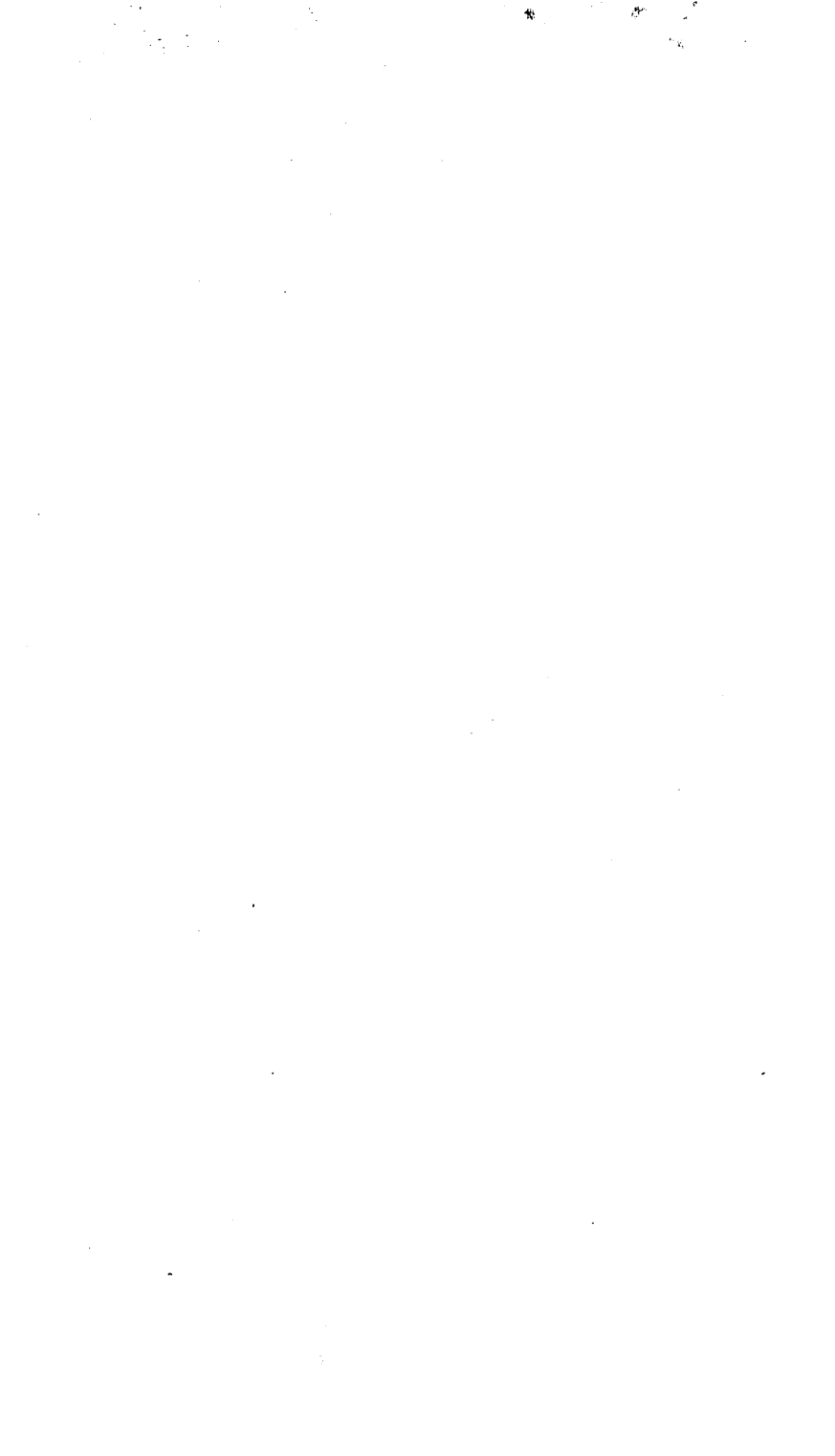
'Mithich domh triall gu tigh Pharais.'

(It is time for me to go up unto the House of Paradise.)

*'An I mo chridhe, I mo gràidh
An àit' guth manaich bidh geum bà;
Ach mu'n tig an Saoghal gu crìch
Bithidh I mar a bha.'*

*('In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love
Instead of monks' voices shall be lowing of cattle;
But ere the world shall come to an end
Iona shall be as it was.')*

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